



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 7

November 2008

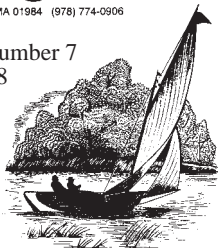
Special Features This Issue
“Tributes to Peter Duff” – “The Big Row”
“Antique & Classic Boat Festival”
“The Western Shore of Newfoundland”
“De-barking Up the Wrong Tree”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Peter Duff succumbed in September at age 72 after a quarter century of battling Parkinson's Disease, sustained all the way by his wife Maggie. The early in life onslaught of the degenerative disease foreshortened his creative life designing and building "superior small cruising sailboats" at his Edey & Duff firm on Cape Cod.

Peter influenced many lives with his original thinking, including my own. I knew him only peripherally due to my role as editor of this magazine. I once attended a gathering of his Dovekies on Cape Cod in 1987 when he was already heavily affected by the onset of Parkinson's and had had to give up his active role in his firm. I have added my report on that outing to the reminiscences of several of his closest friends in this issue in celebration of his life.

I mentioned in a recent issue how Jane and I attended our first sailboat show in Newport in the mid-'70s to see what might be attractive to us for my newfound interest at that time in sailing. Amongst the disappointing collection of floating Winnebagos we came across Edey & Duff's Stone Horse sloop and it was an instant infatuation. This was hard to rationalize after being shown the interiors of many boxy standing headroom "cruising sailboats" by hard sell salesmen intent on persuading Jane that she would like the interior décor. There was no standing headroom in the Stone Horse.

I do not recall if Peter was there but there was no hard sell. The boat looked so right at the dock and the lack of standing headroom inside just didn't seem to matter when we went "below" and I sat in what Peter liked to call the "sumptuous seat." Room for two in cozy comfort and the little pot bellied cast iron stove in the rear corner implied warmth and dryness afloat if it were cold and rainy. These sorts of creature comforts we could get a handle on while the intricacies of sailing the boat eluded us at this introductory time in our boating life.

We left the show with one of Peter's brochures, another attractive aspect of the experience for us. Unlike the hustling ad copy in the color brochures of other exhibitors, Peter's brochure was a 24-page booklet laid out in horizontal 11"x8½" style printed in dark brown ink on heavy textured cream color stock. It was subdued and restrained

with several photos of Stone Horses under sail, drawings, and Peter's wonderfully persuasive prose. I kept my copy for years even though we were never able to consider buying the boat, there just wasn't any money for such an indulgence.

The cover title stated, "The Stone Horse, a Superior Small Cruiser, with Additional Observations on Cruising Under Sail and on Boats, Rigs, and Gear Both Suitable and Unsuitable for the Purpose." While I closely examined all the details of the Stone Horse on its pages, it was the "additional observations" that grabbed me and influenced the direction my life would take as I undertook messing about in boats after nearly 50 years of not being much interested in them. The fact that I never did take to sailing is irrelevant, Peter's views on what's important for enjoying being on the water reached beyond sailing and set a tone for me aimed at the simpler pleasures afloat.

Peter identified five essential characteristics which any cruising sailboat ought to have regardless of type or size:

- She must be easy to handle.
- She must be comfortable.
- She must be seaworthy.
- She must be fast.
- She must be beautiful.

He went on to elaborate on each of these and how they influenced his choice of building the Sam Crocker-designed wooden Stone Horse in Airex foam sandwich fiberglass, a pioneering use of the material in the late '60s. He noted his choice in stating that, "Sam Crocker designed a perfect hull for the Stone Horse all those years ago. It is the kind of achievement which does not become obsolete. The sea hasn't changed much since then."

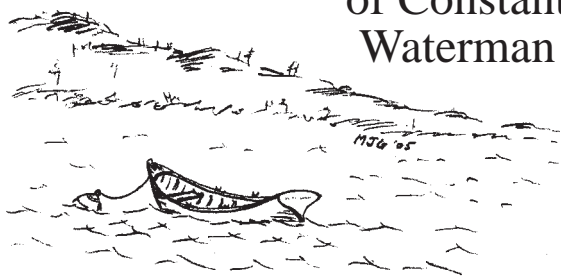
Peter went on later to add his own design concepts to facilitate small sailboat cruising with his Phil Bolger-designed "Dovekie" and his further elaboration and enlargement on that shallow draft, go anywhere theme, "Shearwater." But to me it's still the Stone Horse that is the boat I'll never own that I might have had I been able to at the time.

Edey & Duff still offers Peter's booklet to anyone interested in the timeless attractions of a good small cruising sailboat. For a copy send \$5 to Edey & Duff, 128 Aucoot Rd, Mattapoisett, MA 02739.

On the Cover...

"Peter, Maggie and Ian Duff a long time ago," Was Phil Bolger's caption for this photo from 50 years ago, and now Peter Duff is gone, but he has left a legacy that several of his closest friends tell us about in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

Friday afternoon about half past four I decide to call it a day, at least the commercial portion of my day. Everyone else has left for the weekend. It's time to work on *MoonWind* and finish installing the forward hatch surround I've begun. Then the phone rings and I spend several minutes with a client. Meanwhile, one of the fellows from the marina comes by and patiently waits until I finish my call.

"That your green sloop in A-10?" he queries.

"That's right," I say.

"The people renting that slip for the summer need it tomorrow," he tells me.

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow morning," he informs me.

After he leaves I assess the situation. I need to go on my mooring tomorrow morning. I don't know whether the new tenants need to bring their boat a hundred miles or just from the next pier over. If the latter, they may be here at 8am rightly demanding my eviction. After all, my wet winter storage expired in April. Some mariners launch their boats early in April, others don't bother putting theirs in until Memorial Day. A few people's boating season won't begin until the Fourth of July. I had hoped to get everything done a bit sooner but, as always, work and inclement weather interfered.

My outboard motor sits at home in the driveway. It needs grease and a new zinc before it goes into the water. I need to fit this hatch surround that I've built, having power would facilitate the process. *MoonWind* has sanding dust all over her vee berth, I've considerably tracked it everywhere I could. Having power for the vacuum cleaner would help, as would fresh water for hosing my deck. I need to bail yesterday's rain from my Whitehall and row her around to my slip.

It takes me three hours to finish fitting the hatch surround, prep the deck, install it, clean up the caulking, cut a square of plywood for a temporary hatch, and secure it to the frame. I arrive home for supper at 8pm, exhausted.

At 7am I begin again. I grease my motor and change the zinc. Fortunately the motor, a Johnson 9.9, weighs but 75-80 pounds. I toss it into my truck. En route to the boatyard, seven miles away, I stop at the local station and fill two small gas tanks. I choose to drive down the flowering river road.

May surrounds us, overwhelms us, shatters us with her beauty. Bridesmaid dogwood lavishes her flowers. The redolent scent of lilac takes me home to my parents' house in Hadlyme. The temperature registered 50 degrees at daybreak and now ascends past 60. By the shore the seagulls sing merrily from the lofty pilings, the anemometers have taken the morning off. The boatyard slumbers peacefully.

I load my outboard into a dock cart and trundle it out the pier. I fit the motor into the transom cutout and bolt it on. Soon it purrs happily and pees a stream of water into West Cove. I leave it running all the while I vacuum and clean and generally square away my gear. I may need to make the hastiest of departures.

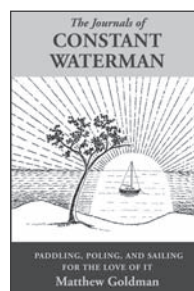
I secure my gas cans to the taffrail. I bail my tender, row her into the slip, and make her fast alongside *MoonWind*. I disconnect, coil, and stow my shore power cord. As no incoming vessel approaches I take the opportunity to hose down the deck but keep my weather eye open. I cast off my lines and fling them aboard. The cove has scarcely a ripple as I back *MoonWind* out of her slip and head out into the channel.

I find my mooring, J-11, and snag it with my boathook. Home at last. I shut down my motor and tilt it out of the water. I square away the deck, coil lines, bring my fenders aboard, adjust my chafing gear. I go below and stow everything securely. Here, outside the breakwater, the cove can quickly turn bumpy.

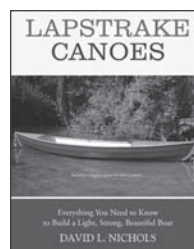
I load my tools into the Whitehall and pull to the dinghy dock. What a lovely morning and scarcely 10am. Time to go home, have a hot shower, and a more substantial breakfast.

A-10 remains vacant. Anyone need a slip?

NEW BOOKS FOR MESSERS



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Information of Interest...

Canoe/Kayak Fatalities Increase

In a year in which overall recreational boating fatalities decreased from 710 in 2006 to 685 in 2007, the number of fatalities associated with the use of canoes/kayaks increased to 107 in 2007 as compared with 99 in 2006. This is according to statistics from the US Coast Guard's Office of Auxiliary and Boating Safety. This figure represents about 15.6% of the total of all recreational fatalities in the US in 2007. Of the 107 fatalities associated with kayaking/canoeing 97 were from drowning (66 canoe/31 kayak). The complete 2007 Recreational Boating Statistics are available at www.uscgboating.org/statistics/accident_stats.htm.

A recent study by the Outdoor Industry Foundation has shown an increase in the number of Americans participating in kayaking, 23% in 2005 alone. As the number of people turning to kayaking/canoeing grows so does the risk for kayak and canoe operators getting themselves into trouble.

The U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary and the American Canoe Association (www.americancanoe.org) offer some basic safety tips:

File a float plan with friends, family, or the authorities.

Bring appropriate safety, rescue, and navigational aids and more than adequate food, water, and extra protective clothing. Do not wear cotton!

Pick an activity level that matches your ability and then progress to more demanding challenges.

Monitor your physical and emotional condition and watch the other members of your group for fatigue, illness, and changes in behavior.

Know and follow all local, state and federal laws.

Be visible, wear bright colors so others can see you between waves or in the fog. Carry a bright light, flares, and whistle to signal your position.

Take a boating safety class offered by the US Coast Guard Auxiliary.

The US Coast Guard Auxiliary is the uniformed civilian component of the United States Coast Guard. Created by an Act of Congress in 1939, the Auxiliary directly supports the Coast Guard in all missions except military and direct law enforcement actions. The Coast Guard Auxiliary is an integral part of the United States Coast Guard.

For more information visit www.cgaux.org, if you are ready to join visit <http://join.cgaux.org/>

"A Vision for Moosehead Lake"

Maine is known and loved as a place of healthy waters for boating and swimming. Yet right now Maine's waters face serious threats. Development pressures put the integrity of our lakes, rivers, and coastal areas at risk.

The Natural Resources Council of Maine has led efforts to safeguard Maine's waters for more than 50 years, thanks to the support of people who love Maine. From our early work establishing the Allagash Wilderness Waterway to our efforts today to protect

Moosehead Lake, we go to extra effort to find real solutions to issues threatening what makes Maine so special.

Like our beautiful coastline, Moosehead is a place where, for generations, people have come to sail, paddle, and enjoy the breathtaking beauty that makes Maine, Maine. Right now, Seattle-based Plum Creek has slotted for development this extraordinary place, the worst of it on our beloved Lily Bay. The company continues to push its plan for a resort, roads, and other massive developments. Such developments would spoil the experience of a peaceful, sunset sail or quiet kayaking with our children and grandchildren along the shores of this spectacular lake, a national treasure.

But NRCM didn't say "no development." Instead, we worked with a land use planner and other experts to show that development and protections can go hand in hand. We created "A Vision for Moosehead Lake" which you can download at our website at www.nrcm.org. Buoyed by the support of our members we convinced Plum Creek to remove from the chopping block remote areas inappropriate for development. With your help we will continue our efforts to save Moosehead's Lily Bay as well.

Natural Resources Council of Maine, 3 Wade St, Augusta, ME 04330, www.nrcm.org

2009 Calendar of Wooden Boats

The 2009 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats, which has been published annually since 1983 by marine photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz, features 12 new, never-before-published photographs of a variety of stunning wooden craft. In the increasingly popular small boat category there are a 13' Abaco sailing dinghy, a traditional Beetle Cat, a seasoned Peapod rowboat, and a pair of Gil Smith Great South Bay catboats, which also grace the cover. There are grand classic yachts including the elegant Fife sloop *Clio* and an imposing pair of Fife cutters racing in the Mediterranean. Other featured boats include a converted sardine carrier, a William Hand power cruiser, an 1894 Irish gaff cutter, a Q-class sloop, and a William Atkin-designed Ben Bow cutter. *Heritage*, one of Maine's colorful and legendary cruise schooners, rounds out the mix.

The photo captions, always informative and entertaining, are by marine historian Maynard Bray who has been providing the text since the calendar's inception.

The calendar is designed in a 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, marine stores, or directly from NOAH Publications for \$15.95 plus s&h. For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz contact us at:

Noah Publications, PO Box 14, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-2131, www.noahpublications.com.

Projects...

Anyone Can be a Successful Boat Builder

This thank you note is actually about two years over due. Over two years ago I ordered plans for Phil Bolger's Teal from Harold Payson. Harold included an info sheet about *MAIB*, which I had not heard of, and I subscribed and love the magazine.

I built the Teal two summers ago, after my 70th birthday, and have been enjoying it very much. I found Harold Payson's book *Instant Boats* very helpful in the building process. This boat is a good performer and points much closer than 45 degrees into the wind.

To those who doubt their abilities, I readily admit that I cannot saw a board straight. My only power tools were a circular saw and an electric drill. I did have some help in sawing the mast. Phil Bolger's instant boat plans can turn anyone into a successful boat builder.

David E. Miller, via email

That's IT for Boat Building!

Since we've taken a bit of a rest from *MAIB*'s world, here's an update on us. We've launched our Chebacco (by Bolger) for the second season up on a lake in southern Vermont. It takes us less than an hour to get there so we're sailing, learning the ropes, getting used to that lovely pop-pop of the Seagull at very low speed, what a seductive motor, as she takes us in to our mooring for a... "PICK IT UP!!!!"... gaffing of the old lobster buoy that serves as our pickup buoy.

Then, because we're on that challenging mooring out in a cove, we opted to build a dinghy from scratch. After looking, trying, and whatnot we came to the Sabot, a 1939 design (*Rudder* mag!!) by Charles MacGregor, modified by Canadians and Californians... and by us. Our son also needed a dink and he got into it so we built two. One's on the Vermont lake, one is down in the NYC area, both in high use. A lovely looking, incredibly stable, easily built little 8' dink. Two sets of oarlocks, three thwart seats, and for our son, sliding gunter rig that can stow aboard for towing. Son is sailing his dinghy with a leeboard, we're rowing ours but wife thinks son's sail is too much to let go by.

Not to be contained, we went on to our boat building swan song, Harry Bryan's 12' Fiddlehead. This is on the sawhorses, getting decked out, coaming considered and such. Sort of at the 90% done mark. Hope to finish her for the wife in a few weeks. That is IT for boat building. NO MORE. From now on, twiddling thumbs, sailing, paddling, rowing, drawing and painting. Other things.

Dick n' Ulla Burnham, Cummington, MA

Opinions...

Wants to Order

Great responses to the Homeland Security subject in the last issue. I would like to order the Terrorist Hunter Decal, also a Terrorist Hunter T-shirt and ball cap (shirt size medium, navy blue with pocket and logo of two people in a skiff fishing). I hope a reader can direct me to where I can obtain a permit to carry a concealed fishing pole.

Ron Hazelton, Camden, NC

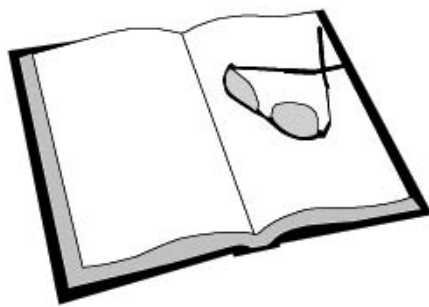
Ever since I was little and building boat model kits without the instructions I've always been one of those "when all else fails, read the directions" people. I've never had much interest in "how to" books and even quit part way through *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex, But Were Afraid to Ask*. Given my dysfunction it's saying a lot just to claim that I got all the way through 416 pages of details and descriptive photos in Don Danenberg's *The Complete Wooden Runabout Restoration Guide*. Until Don came along and pulled it all together, runabout restoration information came mainly in the form of short specific articles and seminars, and workshops sponsored by the various boat clubs.

Don, a restorer from Michigan with 30-some years experience, started out writing articles for *Classic Boating* magazine and eventually published his first book, *How To Restore Your Wooden Runabout*, which sold well. Several years later he followed this with a Volume Two which contained some evolution in his procedures but primarily added chapters on many more aspects of restoration such as engines, running gear, steering wheels and instruments, upholstery, and even trailers. He also added a wood-working chapter specific to lapstrake repair. Now Voyageur Press has combined the two into one volume.

Chris-Craft and other manufacturers ran production lines and owed more to the spirit of Henry Ford than to the tradition of fine boat building. Danenberg stunned the antique boat community when he first claimed that these factories, as indicated by their internal dealer bulletins, didn't expect their boats to last much beyond six years without repairs. The techniques he recommends have more steps and are frequently more involved than the methods employed in the original construction. In one instance he specifically says, "Take more care here than the factory." He recommends more sealing, bedding of wood to wood joints, and steam bending than the factories ever found time to do. By taking more care he proposes that the life of a restored boat can be extended by some multiple of the six year life. His methods involve extensive disassembly and evaluation of every part of the boat with replacement favored whenever there is any doubt about the structural integrity of the wood. He encourages restorers to check, measure, fair in, and check again at every stage of reconstruction.

It's ironic that this emphasis on really comprehensive restoration would find itself in stark contrast to the popular belief in the Antique & Boat Society that the life of the boat can be extended basically by just imagining that it is so. Preservation is the word that is in style now and this presumes that boats that are 60, 70, and even 80 years old can still be viable without major rebuilding. I join with Danenberg in his scorn of this concept. He says that he's never taken a boat apart that didn't need repair. I can't remember one either. He offers a chapter devoted to retaining as much original wood as possible but warns boat owners that in his shop this technique would cost twice as much as new wood and result in a substantially weaker boat.

Danenberg and I part company on the method used to replace a bottom. To use his term I am an "epoxyist." He believes that hard epoxy has no place in a boat that needs to flex and change on the water and in variations in climate. His arguments make sense

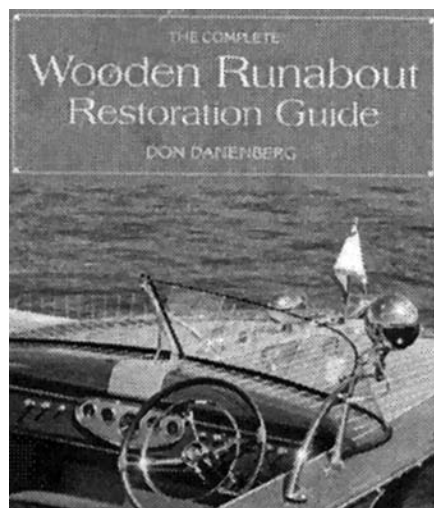


Book Reviews

The Complete Wooden Runabout Restoration Guide

By Don Danenberg
ISBN-13/10 978-0-7603-3488-1
0-7603-3488-9
Paperback 8.25"x10.625"
432 pages/400 color and 150 b/w photos
\$34.99US, \$38.95CAN
Voyageur Press
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Reviewed by Boyd Mefferd



except that in my shop we have done over 50 cold molded epoxy bottoms, some of these almost 20 years on now without, knock on wood, the first complaint or failure. He prefers to bed planks in 3M5200 and I'm the first to admit that this is also a viable technique.

Because of the popularity of the articles and then the books, the techniques he recommends have become known as the "Dananberg Method." Disciples use it as the standard that describes their restoration businesses and advertise this as a way to attract business. Those of us who do not use all his methods have to try to resist being indignant when a well-meaning prospective customer asks if we are a "Dananberg shop."

Regardless of whether you use epoxy or 5200 there are a number of tricks of the trade

that seem to always apply and many of us had to learn them the hard way. The book is full of them. For instance, it's best to have all the chrome plating done at the same time to ensure the same color and hue. Makes sense, but many people feel that the bill hurts less if they send it out a piece here and a piece there. Concerning the disassembly process, "Even if you plan to strip the topsides, do not do it now (with the bottom). You don't know how long the bottom framing and planking will take and you do not want the topsides to dry out and open seams." Beginners tend to get carried away with stripper and let bare sides sit around for months drying out. This is a mistake you only make once.

I've heard owners of boats with oily bilges claim that they have "no rot" and are perfectly sound. Don sets this straight, "Whatever the reason, the oil-soaked wood is no longer strong enough to do the job and should be replaced." He reminds us that if you don't clean up extra glue before it sets you will "learn a lesson you will not forget again." Remember, if your shop has fluorescent lighting the reds in the stain will not show. Look at it outdoors. If you read this book carefully I think that just about everyone can learn something.

Everyone, pro and beginner alike, is curious about how long it will take and how much it will cost. Fortunately, so far boat restorers do not have labor guides similar to those used in auto repair hanging over our heads. Don Danenberg does let us know how long it takes him to do certain jobs, but bear in mind that he is a quick worker and in one instance even suggested using the elbow and chin when just two hands were not enough. I'm amused that he says that it takes longer to type out the explanation than it does to actually do the job. Most people wish it would be that easy. Estimates range from 65 hours to plank hull sides on an 18' boat, 100 hours to sand and fair in the hull, and a surprisingly quick four hours to sand, prep, and do a coat of varnish. Fortunately none of our customers have held us to just four hours.

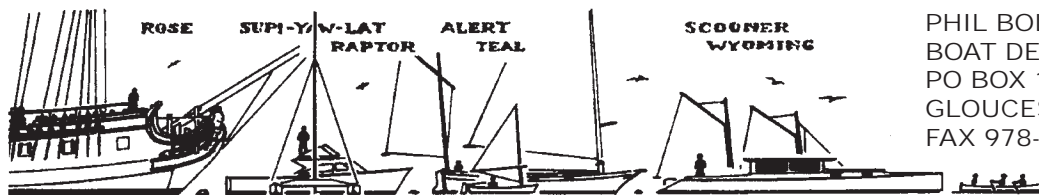
There is some discussion about the costs of materials and an excellent discussion of the metallurgy of fasteners. He does the math for us and estimates that silicon bronze, which he more or less insists on, costs only \$180 more than stainless for the 18' boat. He is generous in recommending his favorite suppliers, even his favorite model tools. There don't seem to be any state secrets and nothing is held back.

The title to the book is not *Runabout Restoration Made Easy* and at the end of my reading I'm impressed by his portrayal of an exacting, complex process and the futility of doing it any way but the right way. For people who think they'll putter around a little and have fun restoring a boat, this book should create some serious reservations. If you have the time, lots of it, and the patience, you can go step by step and eventually end up with a boat that can be a great source of pride and a good candidate for a long term family heirloom.

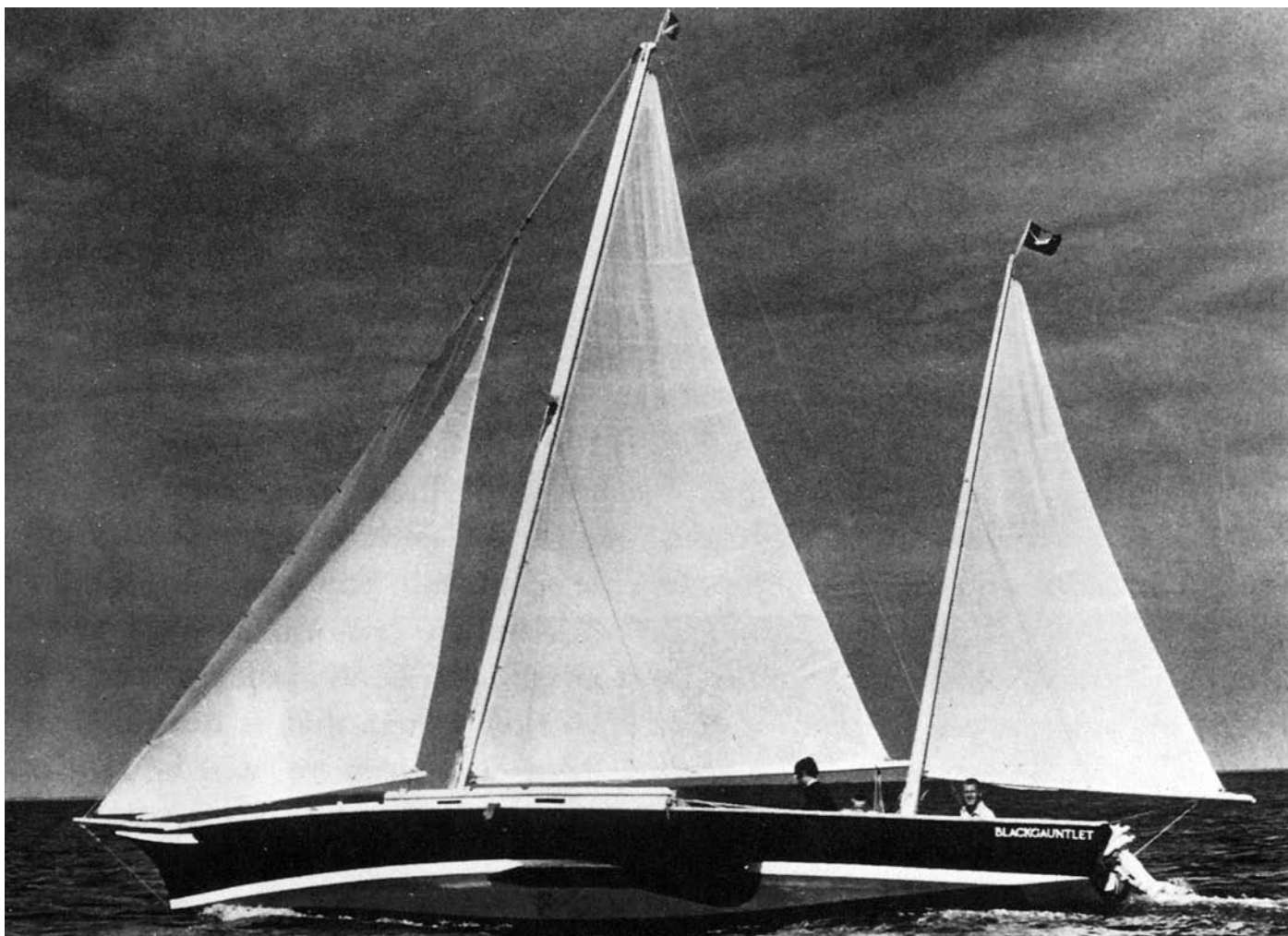
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Peter, Margaret, and Ian Duff in "Blackgauntlet" on Buzzards Bay a long time ago.

It was in the middle 1950s that Peter Duff first came calling on me. He'd seen something I'd published, if he told me I don't recall what it was that caught his eye. He wanted to talk about "a light displacement auxiliary" which turned out to be a clipper-bow keel cutter with a wineglass section and a graceful counter stern. We were instant friends. He came alone, I fairly soon realized that I had only met half of him, that Margaret was at least half of what he was and what he became with her unfailing good humor, good sense, and quick study of any skill that they needed.

I made plans for the boat he had in mind. Those plans have disappeared somewhere in the 50 years since they were made but the half-model he made from them was one of many around his deathbed in September. Dark green with a prominent white boot top, it still looks like a pretty boat though his thinking soon changed on what made a good cruiser. In the spring of 1960 I was in his home waters, Buzzards Bay then and forever, in my new leeboard sharpie "Pointer,"

Bolger on Design

Reminiscences on the Rich Life of Maggie and Peter Duff

my Design #115. He met me at Bucky Barlow's boatyard in Pocasset, a rendezvous that was to be familiar for many years. Bucky was building some L.F. Herreshoff "Meadow Lark" leeboarders which were an interesting contrast with Pointer's plywood hull, inside ballast, and unstayed cat rig. Peter came with me on the beat around through Woods Hole, the first time we sailed together.

A year or so later he commissioned the design that became his ketch "Blackgaunt-

let," Design #136, which he built at the place that years later was taken over by the firm of Edey & Duff. This time his instructions were, like "Pointer" but with more beam and ballast to stand up to her sail better and a ketch rig with stayed mainmast. She was the first of a long series of leeboarders I was to design with him over the decades. He and Margaret, and in due course their children, cruised her for 15 years from Block Island to Eastport. We kept in touch. He would stop in when business took him my way and several times they put me up at his parents' place on Mash-nee Island.

When he and Mait Edey started their company with Mait's old Crocker "Stone Horse" as a take-off point we talked over his plans for the fiberglass version. All I had to do was to keep nodding approval of the Crocker design and of Peter's rendering of it. I have a hazy memory of being consulted about the proportions of the ballast casting.

I have one special memory of the "Stone Horse," I was off Newport in the full-rigged

ship "Rose," Design #225, which I had designed the year before in 1969. The wind was light, I had seen what there was to be seen under the conditions and was beginning to be bored. I was looking over the taffrail, studying the action of her rudder, when a "Stone Horse" came around the stern with Peter alone at the tiller. I instantly thought that I would like to view the "Rose" as she looked underway from close at hand. I gestured to Peter to pick me up. He turned along the lee side, darting below to start his engine when the tall ship blanketed his sails. I came down the ship's built-in boarding steps and jumped across. We ran ahead, sharpened up across the ship's bow, circled back to look at her from all sides, and finally headed in to the Boat Show in Newport while I settled for a gam in the 'Sumptuous Seat' Peter had designed into the fiberglass liner on the starboard side across from the galley of the "Stone Horse."

The development of the Airex-core "Stone Horse" had left Peter sold on that construction and he would preach that gospel for the rest of his life. But I handed him a test of the method (all without the recent issues of renewable materials, carbon footprint, etc) of the material production process, etc. I'd had Dynamite Payson build me a 15'x23" cedar-strip kayak "Kotick," Design #240, on which I eventually put something like 5,000 miles and still own. It weighs almost 40 pounds. Peter was too tactful to sneer at it but he hinted that wood construction was really obsolete. So I lent him "Kotick" for a mold plug. His first effort weighed an embarrassing 44 pounds.

Persevering, and eliminating more and more of the coring, his third or fourth try was down to 34 pounds, nice, but it was done with eggshell-thin single-skin with minimal buoyancy. Of course, that was before carbon fiber but the incident didn't cure me of a liking

for wood. The fact that we can grow more of it domestically and work it without much specialized tooling or fear of enhanced toxic reactions only underscores the point. I don't think that Peter ever would come to agree.

Fast-forward four or five years, Peter found me working on a design for a camping cruiser for my own use. I had wood in mind, though the shape was not very suitable for it. Peter said at once that he could do it better in Airex-cored fiberglass construction and would like to. The result was the prototype "Dovekie," Design #292. I vividly recall the trial sail with Peter and Mait and our exhilaration at the performance of the boat.

Later I sailed her around to Gloucester. I ran into a spring northeaster in Cape Cod Bay and had to run back to Sandwich where I spent three days of hard rain with temperature in the 40s most comfortably camped out inside Bill Harding's tight canvas covers. Then I made a fast passage straight to Gloucester on the northwester that follows the blow. The prototype had a single high aspect ratio leeboard on the port side which had the defect that she drew over 3' when it was all the way down for windward sailing and carried an unacceptable lee helm if it was swung to a shallower position. Peter gave the production model much shorter leeboards on each side with a noticeable loss of performance and, eventually, added a small bow centerboard which fixed the balance problem and also steadied her on an anchor.

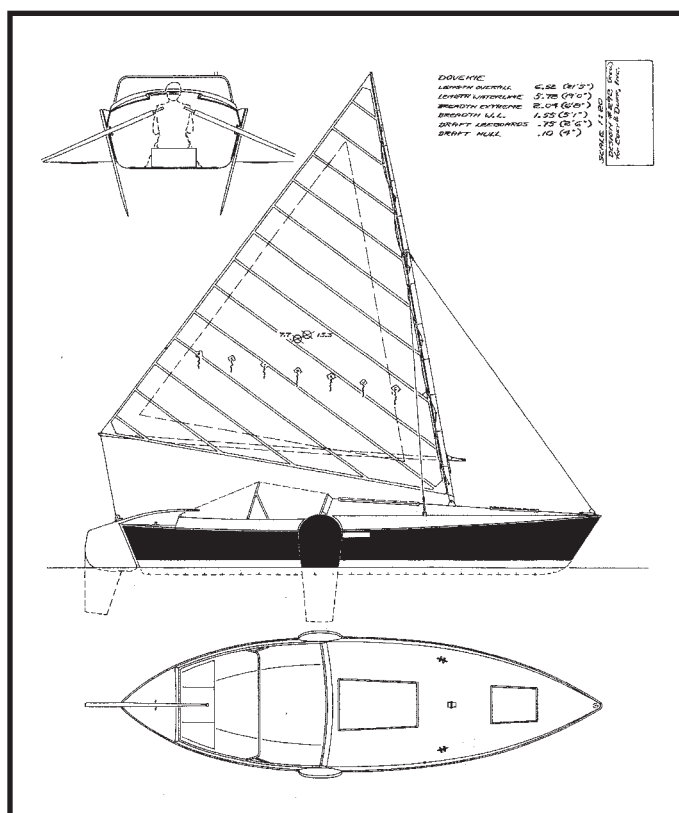
The next time I sailed with Peter was when he and I took an early production "Dovekie" to the Mystic Small Craft meet. The event was enlivened by our being turned out in the middle of the night by a thunderstorm to help secure a collection of distressed neighboring boats. Next day with Peter at the tiller we outsailed the fleet on the beat back from Mason's Island.

A year or two later I designed the "Ladyslipper" keel sailing dinghy, Design #318, as a Christmas present from Peter to Margaret. I was very pleased when I sailed this boat and Peter put it into production but the class did not "take" and I think only 25 were built. A 39' long, 2' draft gaff yawl with leeboards, "Bird of Dawning II," Design #361, was designed for Peter and Margaret but built for Tim West. I had finally realized that, while looking very advanced hydrodynamically, long, narrow leeboards were not the best way to go for a cruiser. Broad boards with plenty of area gave more flexibility on draft and were if anything more effective over a range of wind strengths.

This boat had very roomy accommodations including a large stern cabin with transom windows. There was standing headroom in the galley and washroom, sitting and stooping headroom elsewhere. Tim came over to Gloucester to try the similar headroom arrangement of my own four-season live-on-board "Resolution," Design #312, before he confirmed the order. Two alternate sail plans were made but I don't think the others were built. It seems odd now that neither myself nor Peter worked hard at promoting this seagoing barge-yacht design. It would have aimed right at the middle of the coastal cruising market. The overall coherence of the concept certain still holds its own nowadays, if not for good.

An unusual incident was the building by Edey & Duff of "Nancy Jack," Design #378. This was a "test article" for a proposed sailing cargo ship and was mainly to try out an experimental rig. The 50' hull was a prefabricated plywood sharpie. It was assembled in one day by a gang of volunteers supervised by Peter, using industrial staplers and lots of up-to-date seam compound. No fiberglass as she was not intended to much outlast the tri-

"Dovekie"



"Ladyslipper"



als. In fact, I think she worked two seasons. Peter had a good time, he waved his wand and this apparition materialized.

Still-born projects over the years included Design #249 which we called "Camel" because it was ballasted with a belly full of water and was planned in a restaurant booth by a committee of Peter, myself, and Mait Edey. A camel may be "a horse designed by a committee" but, in fact, it does everything better than a horse except sprint. Another was a fascinating exercise for a 62' year-round home afloat for Peter and Margaret we called "Bird of Dawning I," Design #334, after John Masefield's imaginary "China Clipper" in a favorite book of the three of us ("Blackgauntlet" was another ship in that book).

The last of the far-out projects I drew for Peter was "Gannet," Design #421, a 45'x7'9" beam by about 8" draft. Only the hull lines and offsets were completed. They show a much-stretched version of a "Shearwater" with a big centerboard and a small, unstayed leg-o'-mutton cat rig sketched. A 500sf dipping lug set on the same mast was for straight-away sailing in light weather. I think Peter meant her to have spartan accommodations in the ends with a big cockpit amidships that would be tented over. Peter's inspiration was a beach-launched salvage and pilot boat of the southeast coast of England famed for speed.

Meanwhile, Peter was promoting the "Dovekie" with fascinating advertising in the *Small Boat Journal* based on the annual cruises-in-company that he organized with trailer rendezvous in places as far as Lake Huron and the Florida Keys. I understand that about 160 of the boats were built. Later they built several of the "Shearwater" class, Design #461, the larger "Dovekie"-like cruiser. She was the last of the Edey & Duff leeboarders with complex hoisting arrangements engineered by Peter. Peter did most of the arrangement and rig of this one on a hull I drew to his specification. It was in the class prototype that I had a pleasant overnight cruise with Peter and Margaret over to Lake Tashmoo on the Vineyard, rafting in 3' of water with Mait Edey in "Dakini," Design #465, and Peter McCormick in "Bright Thread," Design #445. Peter was already learning to live with Parkinson's but with Margaret and meds he would have many more active years.

Somewhere along the way I had shown Peter the manuscript of a fantasy novel I'd

written for amusement. I had called it *The Sea Jockies* but he said that was "a wimp title." He thought I had enough fans to make it worth publishing, which he and Margaret did under the title of *Schorpioen*, the name of a boat prominent in the plot. It was an ego trip for me though, in fact, it did not sell well and barely made expenses. It also had mixed reviews and I had to keep explaining that the alternate universe civilization I had imagined was not supposed to be a Utopia to be imitated!

Peter made models and dreamed as his health declined. Susanne and I would call in now and then. Peter remained inquisitive, offered input on our work, including criticism and alternatives. And Margaret engaged us with her buoyant self with few signs of the strain, timing the day so that Peter's cycle would match our arrival. As someone close to the Duffs said recently, Peter and Maggie's life over recent decades was a very successful "exercise in denial," denying the debilitating effects of Peter's condition by careful timing of medications around the day's schedule, denying that the outlook on life should be darkened, denying that small and

larger projects should not be at least explored if not attempted outright.

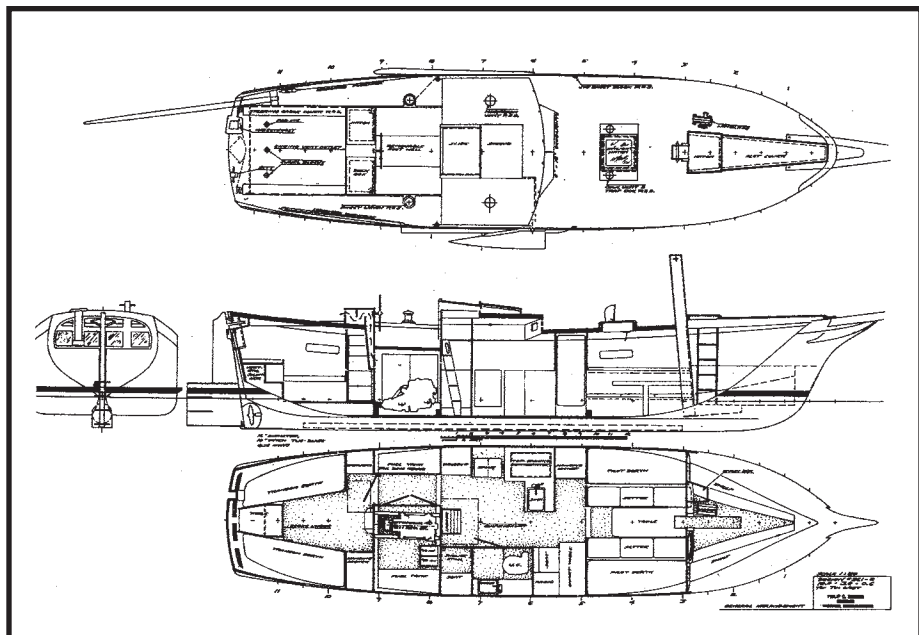
They did indeed deny any concession of defeat, concentrating instead on their talents and skills and how to work around the inevitable daily and hourly constraints in order to harness the good in life. When Maggie was temporarily disabled by a stroke Peter suddenly lost her full-time sensibility to very finely balance his physical and mental needs. As she struggled towards recovery Peter fell into disease cycles and treatment effects got more and more out of sync with his internal rhythm. A family member judged that she had added many years to his life.

So our 50-year friendship ran out. His life, their life, was good while it lasted. The memories and the tangible legacy were all good. After many years of volunteering for experiments to find a cure, Maggie and Peter donated his body for further research. We went to see him back at his home two nights before his death, offering another installment on our recent proceedings that he typically took an interest in. Eyes open, he was clutching a palm-size boat model he had carved for another project.



"Nancy Jack"

"Bird of Dawning II"



"Bird of Dawning II"



In the spring of 1971 I was hired by Peter Duff to join the Edey & Duff team to build a new fiberglass boat called the Stone Horse. They were just getting started and, like Peter, our product was totally new, innovative to the boating world. The Stone Horse went totally across the grain of all the production sailboats being built and manufactured at that time. Little did I know that first day at E&D it would be a reoccurring theme for this new, and to many, strange little company.

The Stone Horse, even though designed many decades prior to Edey & Duff, was being built with materials that had not been used in the industry. We were the first to use Airex foam as a core material in a production mold in the entire country. But Peter did not bat an eye, being different was not a worry. He knew and believed in his convictions and that became an unnamed mantra for us. I doubt we had a mission statement in those years, but had we had one it would have stated our goal was to build older designed boats, designed by the masters, of modern materials. Peter liked to say, "the ocean is the same, these boats will still sail as well as they did 50 years ago." Of course, he was right and most time his hunches were. He would never shy away from trying to advance our technology.

It took us three or four years to tame the Stone Horse, we had more than a handful of orders and that continued for the next ten years. Then Bill Harding approached us with the thought of building the replica of the famed Herreshoff 12½-footer. Peter, without any reservations, said, "We can do it" and did we ever. Starting with three older wooden 12-footers we began to build tooling and with

Peter Duff... Being Different Was Not a Worry

By David Davignon

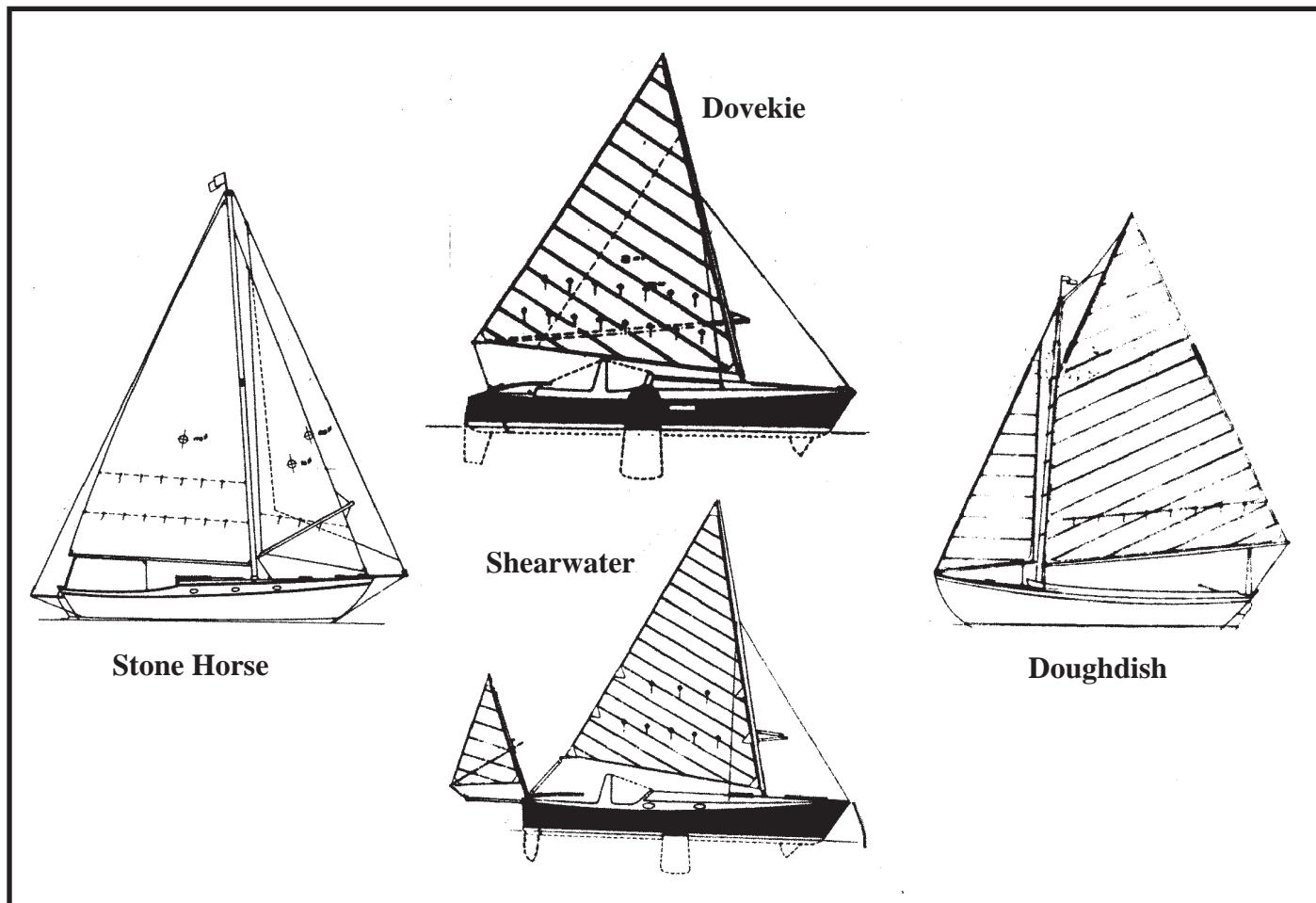


the first couple of boats, with Bill Harding's continued guidance, we were on our way. I must add we have now built 529 of these we named Doughdishes.

Peter was definitely a starter, he got bored easily as we accomplished a task. His mind never stopped, his term was "tinkering." He loved to make things better, not always easier but better. Change was a fact of life and he was never satisfied as he sought better ways to design and improve hardware and methods on his boats.

Dovekie was his crowning touch. He loved that boat and all he could do with and on it. He loved to travel and to bring his boat with him, sail in 4" of water. That made him happy and I could always tell by the smile on his face. He loved being with and planning the shallow water cruises for his friends who started out being customers. These cruises were so important to him, and those of you who participated with him added more to his happiness than you will ever know. It always amazed me the way our customers became such important people in our lives at Edey & Duff, not only as customers but people we care about, thought about, and even worried about because that is what Peter wanted his company and his life to be about.

He often thought his life lacked in importance because he felt he did not contribute much to society other than building toys. He could not have been more wrong. Peter's core values of family, his honesty, his work ethic, his creative ways, his out-of-the-box thinking, has made me, and I think all who came to know him, strive to reach a higher level of achievement. He made more than toys, he enriched all of our lives.



Here are the simple unvarnished (merely linseed-oiled) facts about that historic sequence of events, the founding of Edey & Duff, Inc. Why historic? Today a huge, multi-million dollar industry exists devoted to the design, building, and equipment of cruising sailboats. Seventeen or 18 years ago this industry did not exist. The experts consulted at the time were unanimous in their opinion that it could not exist. To be sure, people went cruising under sail. But appropriate new boats were not being designed or built for the purpose, except as occasional custom jobs. People had a choice between older wooden boats or new fiberglass racer-cruisers, so-called.

The latter existed in degenerate form because the market was serving inexperienced newcomers to sailing and such customers could be captured by mass production and mass marketing. No company was building a line of wholesome cruising boats in modern materials, appropriate for cruising. The prevailing dogma was that the fashion had to be obeyed, no matter how unseamanlike. Here we honor Peter Duff, the man who proved that dogma false. Today there are many companies building a great variety of boats for cruising, this entire industry follows the example first set by him.

In those days I had an old wooden Stone Horse, *Little Slipper*. I loved her and thought she was a remarkable boat. I was living on Bassett Island at the time which gave me a good view of the transient floating population. I marveled daily that people bought the boats they did. The little fiberglass racer-cruisers of Stone Horse size were such awkward and treacherous sailers that their owners didn't dare to sail them in and out of the harbor. There was a boom in motors and gasoline.

It made me sad to see the trend towards ugliness and incompetence. My Stone Horse was as obedient and clever as I could want. But she had been designed more than 30 years earlier. Was this progress? Breck Marshall had recently begun building his little 18' catboats and seemed to have found a small niche in the fiberglass boat market. I suggested to him that he build Stone Horses, or something similar. It seemed to me he couldn't lose with a small cruising sloop so outrageously superior to the competition. He felt that the public wouldn't buy something merely because it was better. He attributed his own survival to the uniqueness of catboats. He said that any fool could recognize a catboat but that most people wouldn't know a Stone Horse from

The Founding of Edey & Duff, Inc

By Mait Edey
Reprinted from *Shallow Water Sailor*
May 2001

any of the dozens of 23' fiberglass sloops in the glossy magazine ads.

Most summer days I went sailing in the late afternoon out on the bay, sliding home by sunset. One evening I found my course converging with that of a rakish black ketch with a clipper bow and I sailed over to have a closer look. She turned out to be a leeboard sharpie. I happened to be intensely interested in sharpies. I had read about them in Chappelle's books as a boy and studied their plans, but I never had a chance to sail one and as far as I knew they were extinct.

At the wheel was a man with short, fuzzy blond hair. I drew alongside, sailing parallel, close aboard, and said hello. We exchanged compliments. He said *Little Slipper* was doing pretty well to keep up with *Blackgauntlet*, being some 10' shorter. He was bound into Hospital Cove for the night and as we approached Bassett Island we diverged again. Early in the morning, hooked by my curiosity about the sharpie, I rigged up my dinghy and sailed around to Hospital Cove. *Blackgauntlet* was lying there, a strange and splendid sight with her big leeboards like folded wings and a long, bright pennant from the masthead.

I came alongside and was invited aboard. Maggie Duff was turning out pancakes. It was the first of many of her meals I was destined to enjoy. I was introduced to Ian and Jane and inspected this remarkable vessel. We ate and gammed for a while and things were going so well that I suggested moving around to the other side of the island so they could meet my family and dig some clams.

So up anchor and around to the Mill Pond where several more pleasant hours were spent. Of course, Peter had to go aboard *Little Slipper*. Too bad, he said, that boats like this aren't built any more. I perceived that I was dealing with a man of some discernment. We went on to agree about the decadence of modern boats and had a good time complaining to each other for a while. I ventured to ask

him if he thought a builder of Stone Horses might not succeed in this dismal scene. He said he thought such a thing might be possible if people could somehow be helped to understand the facts of life afloat.

Now, I was neither a boat builder nor a businessman. My aptitude for business was, and is, vanishingly small. I am better at day dreaming. During the next weeks I thought from time to time about my encounter with Peter. I imagined sleek new Stone Horses cruising the bay. I imagined people discovering the deep joys of cruising under sail in real boats that do what you want them to. I imagined the expressions on people's faces as it dawned on them that it was actually possible to get underway, or to set an anchor, under sail without panic.

Peter was not a boat builder either. Unlike me, however, he found something appealing about quitting his job and starting his own business. He had admitted that much about himself. He wanted to be his own boss and do something creative. It would have something to do with boats but it would not be boat building. A man would have to be crazy to get into boat building these days, he thought. He was explicit on that point. We kept in touch. During the next couple of months I gradually perceived that, even if a man would have to be crazy to get into boat building, Peter had not ruled out a lapse of sanity. He leaked a few clues that he might be something of a wild man.


Could people be helped to understand the facts of life afloat? I was inexperienced, to say the least, at boat building and I was confident I would ruin any small business I was left in charge of but I had an evangelical feeling about good boats. It was perfectly clear to me exactly why Stone Horses were good and those other things bad. I couldn't see why it wouldn't be clear to anyone else, too, if I were given a moment to explain.

In our succeeding conversations Peter and I always found occasion to agree about Stone Horses and the potential success of an imaginary builder. Too bad, we agreed one week, that nobody was doing it. Too bad, we agreed a week or two later, that this important public and artistic service was left ignored. If we were boat builders, we agreed still later, we would lose no time in seizing the opportunity.

After some weeks of this, Peter began to sound increasingly restive about remaining in the employ of somebody else. I once went to see him as he spent a few days at a boat show demonstrating a bilge pump. He was mournfully pumping water from one big tub into another and back again. I think it was at about that time that one or the other of us dared to mention that we might consider the step. An intense period followed during which we warily sized each other up. The stakes were high. Finally, one evening after a long walk on the beach around Mattapoisett Neck, the historic handshake occurred, giving birth to the enormous cruising boat industry we know today.

The next chapter began when we started clearing land for a boat shop next to Peter's house, only to discover that zoning laws had, in effect, made boat building illegal in Mattapoisett (and in all the towns between New Bedford and Chatham) except as a prior nonconforming use or unless located at the dump. It was the first of an abundant series of crises in our little company's precarious gestation. But all those are another story.

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DOVEKIE



Dovekie and Shearwater Shoal Draft Champions

Reprinted from *MAIB*,
November 15, 1987

Surely you've read the Edey & Duff ads in *Small Boat Journal* promoting the pleasures of owning a Dovekie? They've been the best written boat ads I've seen, the work of Peter Duff, the builder of the boats, until recently anyway. Peter and Margaret Duff have now sold the business and retired from the day-to-day boat building trade.

They turned out in early October over in Chatham on Cape Cod to join a fall cruise of Dovekies on Pleasant Bay, bringing with them their own personal Shearwater, the larger scale version of the Dovekie concept. Peter had been working on his boat assiduously for some time but now it was sea trials time. The boat had been launched a week earlier but this Columbus Day weekend outing was to be its first under sail. Edey & Duff had already built four or five of the Shearwaters before Peter put his own name on one.

But this is also a report on the Dovekie mystique, for that is what it is. About 150 of these boxy little Phil Bolger-designed minimal cruising sailboats have been built and the owners seem to have acquired, along with their boats, a sort of membership in an informal Dovekie Owners Group. While there's no formal "organization," they now have a newsletter, *Shallow Water Sailing*, put out by avid Dovekie owner John Zohlen.

The "fall cruise" on Pleasant Bay out on the Cape is an ideal Dovekie sort of outing. Here's this big sheltered area of saltwater with lots of beaches, marshes, and islands, easily accessible only to shallow draft craft. Dovekie owner Christina Ryke of Marblehead, Massachusetts, told us about it at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St Michaels, Maryland. Four Dovekies had gathered at that affair but the rains and winds kept them at dockside over the weekend.

So here on a sunny October 9 we found three Dovekies gathered at the public ramp on Ryder Cove in Chathamport. Lee Wight

of Branford, Connecticut, and his son Steve had *Chocolate Chip*, now eight years old and still going strong. Yes, it's chocolate brown in color. Mr and Mrs Sydney Rowe of Auburn, Maine, were launching *Tony Lynn*, bought only last April. And Bob Trzcinski of Fishkill, New York, had his brand new bright red (as yet unnamed) craft to try first time out single handed. Bob's wife had come down with a bad cold and stayed home. "I've nobody to yell at," Bob allowed, he was a bit nervous about solo sailing a boat just acquired in August on tidal waters (his local sailing is on the Hudson River) with a brisk breeze. More Dovekies were expected to join the cruise on Saturday, the fleet would return to the ramp the next day after their first overnight on the Bay.

Why do these people fall so completely for this sort of homely little boat? It's a boxy looking craft, slab sided and with a cavernous interior open to the cockpit. No "ship-py" curves anywhere, just straight lines. And those big leeboards. And the boom gallows forming the rear top of the "cabin." And the ports on the sides for the auxiliary oar power. I concluded it's the same thing that made the old VW bug popular. Totally unassuming and very functional.

The sprit boomed sail (just one, no jib) is easy to handle and the mast in a tabernacle goes up and down single handed if necessary. The 4" draft (yes, four inches) means no place is too shallow to go into, you can easily get out and walk if you ground this one out. It's all fiberglass and stainless, first class quality, minimum maintenance. Today they sell for around \$8,000 or so as I recall. Camper cruising for busy people.

We talked about their Dovekies with five owners, three here on the Cape, two on the Chesapeake. All are true believers. All save one came back down in size from larger cruising yachts. Much larger. Like 36' keelboats. The one who didn't, Bob Trzcinski,

ski, has a Dovekie as his very first boat, just bought in August. Prior to this he sailed in rented boats, mostly on the Hudson River near his home. Since he wanted to go sailing on the sea, a trailerable sailboat was necessary and he read, and believed, the Dovekie ads. Bob's still familiarizing himself with the Dovekie's unique character.

Those who owned bigger boats say the same thing about early experiences sailing the Dovekie. It's different. A new learning experience is first encountered. Once the boat's behavior becomes familiar they all then rave about its handiness and simplicity of operation.

Lee Wight has sailed many, many years in all sorts of larger boats. He came down to Dovekie eight years ago and still says it's the best move he ever made. His son Steve, who joins his dad once or twice a year on such outings, confirmed that the Dovekie is the best sailboat experience they've had. Steve raced in small open sailboats in his youth. After he married and left home Lee sold the family yacht and bought the Dovekie.

The Rowes are retired people from Maine, veterans of years of sailing in a 30-plus-foot keelboat on the Maine coast. The big boat was becoming too demanding for them, not just afloat but all the annual hauling, launching, yard bills, etc. So they bought their Dovekie last April. Right away they trailered it out to Lake Huron for a Dovekie cruise amongst the islands on the northern shores of that big lake. "Why those people were sailing right in amongst all those rocky islands where the chart is blank," commented Mrs Rowe. Obviously a mind-boggling experience for keelboat folks used to keeping track of every rock and ledge near them on the Maine coast.

Down in Maryland Christina Ryke told us how they had gone to look at another "bigger" cruising yacht to replace the one they



had at the time and the broker happened to be out. "We were near Mattapoisett and had seen a Dovekie at a boat ramp so we went over for a closer look," Christina said. This led to purchase of their Dovekie, the "bigger" boat forgotten. Rigged out like a floating campsite at the dock in St Michaels, the Dovekie offered all the comforts of a well-appointed campsite with a hardtop tent.

John Zohlen is a career naval officer and gets transferred around periodically. He's gone to Dovekie for its near instant availability for sailing almost anywhere he wishes to trailer it. And his move into publishing a newsletter was stimulated by the camaraderie enjoyed amongst Dovekie owners. Certainly no "yachty" pretensions get in the way of easy sociability with this boat. "Really a nice group of people," is John's characterization of the Dovekie folks he's already enjoyed group cruises with.

Apparently, once you get past the initial impression of "ugly duckling" it grows on you. Jane and I had seen them at the Small Boat Show and occasionally on the water. Leaving Chatham for home after the fleet had departed, we agreed that already the boat was looking better to us and we'd not even been out in one.

Shearwater is a much bigger campsite. It is big enough to live aboard for longer periods without the "roughing it" aspect of the Dovekie. It has more graceful lines but still



Above: Lee Wight sets up the mast on *Chocolate Chip* in one easy lift.

Left from top: Peter Duff readies to launch his *Shearwater*. Ankle deep water floats this 30-footer.

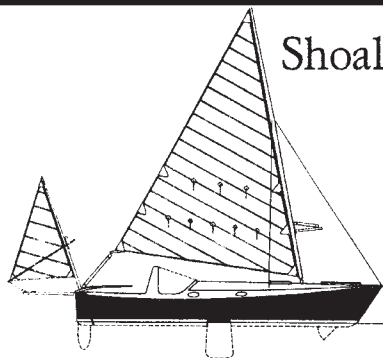


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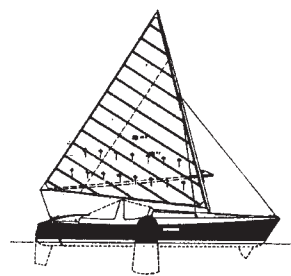
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Shoal draft champions



that same style of hard chine sharpie sort of hull. Peter and Margaret trailered in from Mattapoisett behind a small Japanese small pickup truck, but I'd not want to haul the boat really afar with a small vehicle. Too much of a struggle, I'd guess.

It was more of a struggle setting up the rig, too. Shearwater is yawl rigged with a little mizzen set right on the transom on the port side opposite the outboard well. The mainmast goes up in a tabernacle but requires use of a gin pole, a set-up that comes with the boat and much pulling, hauling, and securing of lines by a minimum of two people. It launched easily enough off its big tandem wheel trailer, rolling right off on rollers into very shallow water. Its flat bottom also permits serious gunkholing.

The three Dovekies had all sailed out of Ryder Cove before the Duffs had the Shearwater ready to go, what with all the first time fiddling to get sails up properly and set, the main deeply reefed in the brisk northwest wind for this first outing. At last underway, the boat moved right out down the cove and would soon catch up with its flock. As the Dovekies departed past the Shearwater the analogy to a family of ducks (dovekies?) was irresistible. The three frisky smaller boats hustled past the more sedate larger craft but, like mother duck, a sedate craft that could easily overtake the small fry when necessary.



Right from top: Beach cruisers. Two Dovekies and one Shearwater heading out.

Above: Bob Trzcinski getting used to single handing.



Edey & Duff, Ltd, Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, builders of the Sam Crocker-designed Stone Horse as well as the ultra-shallow draft Dovekie and Shearwater and several other traditional boats, resumed its annual Boatyard Party on Saturday, July 26, 2008, after a hiatus of a few years. The party, as usual, consisted of a race for all classes of E&D boats that mustered a reasonable fleet, beginning in Aucoot Cove at 0100 and concluding with a cookout at the boatyard where boat owners could get to know one another and compare experiences and ideas.

We decided to attend the Boatyard Party because our Shearwater #8, *Ardea*, was 20 years old in May 2008, we love cruising in Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, and the E&D Boatyard Party is always enjoyable. A Shearwater is a trailerable 28' shallow draft cruiser with leeboards designed by Phil Bolger with the collaboration of Peter Duff.

We arrived at E&D on Thursday after dealing with the same rain storm three times in one day, once at home the night before departure from New Jersey, driving in it halfway through Connecticut as the storm moved east, and Thursday night while we were sleeping aboard *Ardea* at the boatyard. It poured buckets.

The next morning's weather, as we were drying out and getting the boat rigged, brought in a beautiful weekend for the party. We also had a nice surprise, Lee and Katie Martin drove up and introduced themselves. After reading about them for years it was delightful to finally meet them. They had been cruising the Rideau Canal in a Nimble motor cruiser prior to their arrival at the boatyard. After the party they were heading up to Acadia National Park on Mt Desert, Maine, for camping and sightseeing. They had been away from their home in Texas since the beginning of summer and were leading an idyllic life of cruising, camping, and sightseeing in the Northeast.

We were fortunate to recruit the Martins to sail with us. They had owned three Dovekies and Shearwater #1 plus several other boats in which they had made significant cruises, so they were seasoned sailors.

It turned out that five Stone Horses had shown up to participate in the annual Stone Horse Builder's Cup Race. *Ardea* was the only other E&D boat whose crew wanted to race. So we sailed with the Stone Horses.

Edey & Duff Boatyard Party (and our Buzzards Bay Cruise)

By Harry Mote

As we all crossed the starting line the Stone Horses seemed powered up with full sail in the 10-12kt breeze. The Stone Horses soon started pulling away on a close hauled first leg of the race. *Ardea* felt underpowered in this wind with just her standard cat-yawl main and mizzen. She has a 100sf genoa which we use in light air. I mentioned this jib to the crew but I was holding back, hoping the "Buzzards Bay hurricane" would soon come in as it often does this time of day. The crew, led by the Martins, quickly convinced me that the jib must go up pronto.

We had the jib up and drawing by about the end of the first leg. Big difference. The next leg was hard on the wind to lay the next mark but still on starboard tack. From the time the jib went up we were noticeably gaining on the Stone Horses, out-pointing them all and laying the mark. The Stone Horses were not laying the mark and they would have to make a short port tack to fetch it. All of this considerably brightened the spirits of the crew.

When we reached the second and last windward mark we had caught the middle of the fleet, we were laying the mark on starboard and forced one of the port tackers to tack back onto starboard at the mark to allow us to round and head off-wind to the finish.

This last leg, with sheets eased, is when shallow draft boats can stretch their legs. We were on a reach and *Ardea* was being pressed so hard that she was squatting and trying to climb up on her wave. A local publication called *The Wanderer*, which covered the event, said that, "The surprisingly fast Shearwater, which sails in 'inches' of water, got up on a plane while on a reach and passed the fleet of full-keeled Stone Horses." A bird of the shallows beat her deep-keeled cousins.

Although *Ardea* will surf down waves she is not capable of planing. And in fairness to the Stone Horses, *Ardea* has about 5' more waterline length and she was probably carrying more sail area for her displacement than the 23' Stone Horses which are fine sailing boats. David Davignon, E&D operations

manager, emailed me a series of three photos taken of *Ardea* as she approached the finish. The third is a close-up that shows the entire crew cheering and laughing with arms raised, as we crossed the finish line. What a hoot.

The Boatyard Party after the race, with E&D's usual relaxed hospitality, good food, and good conversation with nice people made a pleasant afternoon. When attendees had quenched thirsts and had enough to eat, David and John Harding, a partner in E&D with David, talked a little about where E&D had been and plans for the future. Next year will be E&D's 40th anniversary so the 2009 Boatyard Party will be special. E&D has already made significant progress with its nicely done, but still in progress, new website <http://www.edeandduff.com>.

David then presented the first place Stone Horse Builder's Cup Race trophy to the skipper of *Windfall*, Tom Kenny of the New Bedford Yacht Club, crewed by Bob Jackson of Cohasset. In second place was *Young America*, skippered by Bob Sachetti of Boston, who single handed. Third was *Pegasus*, owned by E&D and skippered by Dan Rowe of Mattapoisett with a crew of three.

David presented to Ken Murphy, editor of *The Shallow Water Sailor*, the E&D Shallow Water Sailor Award, in absentia, for his continued dedicated and outstanding work on that publication.

At the end of 1968 partners Mait Edey and Peter Duff formed Edey & Duff, Ltd with the construction and marketing of the 23' Samuel Crocker-designed Stone Horse. Their first full year was 1969. Over the years they added the construction of several other traditional sailboats by well-known designers. These included a fiberglass version of the 16' N.G. Herreshoff 12½ called Doughdish. E&D has built over 500 of these beautiful little boats.

They also began building the first of two leeboard "ultra shallow draft" cruisers, the 21' Dovekie designed by Phil Bolger, and then later the 28' Shearwater designed by Phil Bolger with collaboration by Peter Duff.

E&D also builds the 28' Stewart Knockabout, a keel-centerboard daysailer originally designed for the Stewart family by L. Francis Herreshoff. If you like watching beautiful boats sail, this one is a pleasure to watch. She's fast and makes little fuss as she slips along.

E&D is also producing the Joel White-designed 23' keel-centerboard daysailer Sa-

"Sakonnet"



"Shearwater"



konnet. And E&D has produced the Lyle Hess-designed dinghy Fatty Knees for some time now.

E&D's goal was to produce quality fiberglass versions of beautiful, traditional, fine-sailing boats by good designers as an alternative to the typical production "Clorox bottle" of the day. E&D was the first to adapt fiberglass-Airex foam construction to boat building which produces a strong, light hull. With the addition of varnished wood trim where it was in the original boats, many E&D boats look like traditional wooden boats.

Back in the '70s I remember looking forward to reading the advertisements for the Dovekie in *Cruising World* magazine, long before I had any interest in this type of boat. Peter Duff wrote the ad copy and many, if not all, of the photos were his. Professionals in the advertising field have said that these Dovekie ads were some of the best boat ads ever produced.

As ownership and enthusiasm for the Dovekie grew to significant numbers, Peter began to organize in the 1980s an annual two-week summer cruise he called the Magnum Opus. As time went on Shearwaters and non-E&D shallow draft boats joined these cruises. These events often included 20 or so boats and took trailer-sailing shallow water sailors to some of the most beautiful places in North America. Peter was innovative with a can-do attitude. His adventuresome spirit and penchant for fun made him pure joy to be with and his cruises made memories for a lifetime.

In the late 1980s, with the blessing of Peter Duff, John Zohlen started a newsletter for shallow water sailors called *The Shallow Water Sailor* which has continued under the dedicated editorship of Ken Murphy.

After a long battle with Parkinson's disease Peter Duff died on August 30, 2008. He had made a significant contribution to the boating industry and to the joys of small boat sailors with his boats, cruises, and friendships.

On Sunday morning following the Boatyard Party, *Ardea* went from her anchorage in Aucoot Cove around to Mattapoisett Harbor public dock for water before heading off to Cuttyhunk, our first post-party cruise destination. The forecast was for SW wind with gusts to 20mph and thunderstorms in the afternoon.

But we tucked in a single reef and headed out into Buzzards Bay to see what it was like, just to go for a sail more than anything else. It was later in the morning than would like to have started, and with the wind dead on our nose it would have been a long, slow, wet slog to windward.

So we sailed back into the harbor to find as protected an anchorage as possible, which turned out to be near the beach on the west side of the harbor near where Peter Duff used to keep his Shearwater. The first of two storms came through in late afternoon with wind still in the SW. After a brief calm the wind came out of the NW, producing two lines of squall-like clouds, followed by rain and wind that continued into the night.

Monday morning's gray clouds quickly dissipated with a SW breeze of 10-15mph. With genoa set we made one long tack across Buzzards Bay to the Elizabeth Islands and then tacked west close enough to the Islands to enjoy their beauty. We arrived at Cuttyhunk in mid-afternoon after a fabulous sail, took a mooring piling at the head of the harbor, and went ashore.

We walked up the old, long driveway to the top of the island to the site of the house



"Stone Horse"

that was never built and the 360° view where you can see forever on a clear day. We then explored more of the island before returning to the dock for an ice cream cone and a look around. The US Coast Guard Academy had arrived in five boats, four of them very nice racing yawls of about 45' with nice overhangs. They had all moored to the end of the main pier.

By the time we returned to our mooring Charlie was coming around collecting fees. We complimented him that he didn't

look a day older than he did when we had been there about ten years ago. He took it good-naturedly and assured us that age was indeed catching up.

Needless to say, Cuttyhunk is one of our favorite places. One of our fondest memories is of one evening when a very pretty wooden ketch of about 45' fired its signal cannon at sunset and took in her colors. We took in ours. Moments later a bagpiper began playing up on the hill overlooking the harbor. We could just see him with the binoculars.

On Tuesday morning, another spectacular day, we reached south through Canapitsit Channel into Vineyard Sound toward Gay Head to have a closer look at the colors in its cliffs, exposed by eons of erosion. The air was slightly hazy which made Gay Head's colors less spectacular than usual. We turned east, wing and wing with the jib poled out in the light westerly. When the adverse current changed in our favor we made good progress over the bottom toward Vineyard Haven.

Since we hadn't been to Vineyard Haven for a several years we were concerned about finding a good place to anchor with the harbor's increasing commercialization and crowding. So we decided to duck into Lake Tashmoo, which we had visited only once a number of years ago on a cruise with the Duffs. It has lots of shallows which means room for us.

On Wednesday morning we rowed to the public ramp and dock, expecting to hike the mile or so to Vineyard Haven to have a look at the waterfront, see what Gannon & Benjamin were building, and to do the touristy thing of having lunch at the Black Dog Tavern where we had taken meals with shallow water sailors on cruises past. But another senior citizen, driving around with not much to do, took pity on us and insisted that he give us a ride to town. The Black Dog was still fun and the food as good as ever. We got our exercise on the way back to the boat, a pleasant walk. Thursday was a lay day at anchor because of rain.

On Friday, rather than go farther afield in Vineyard Sound, we decided to go back through Woods Hole to Mattapoisett and haul out. It had been a good, short post-Boatyard Party cruise.

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Signs

Most of the boats had some sort of signs with all their pertinent information for the edification of the onlookers. One example summed up the mystique for the general public:

"Wooden boats are lovely but they take so much work!" Owners of wooden boats hear this all the time. But really, a well-maintained wooden boat requires very little more work than a fiberglass one (and, if you believe that, I'd like to talk to you about some waterfront land in Florida). Actually, the effort required to keep up a wood boat is a good thing. Look at it this way:

No more need to plan that expensive ski weekend in Aspen, you have work to do all winter.

In-laws you'd like to avoid? "I'm sorry, we'd love to come for Thanksgiving but I have to replace the boat's gronicle this weekend."

No social life? No matter, the boat will be your constant companion. And you'll make a whole new group of friends, other wood boat owners, plastic boat owners who admire your tenacity (and privately think you ready for an institution), shipwrights who ply their trade in decrepit barns, and sellers of bronze drifts, caulking irons, and spoke-shaves, things you'd never heard of before you embarked on your nautical adventure.

Of course, this is the last year that the boat is going to take up so much time. Next year the work will be done early and you'll be sailing (or motoring) by Patriot's Day. Then as Memorial Day passes and the Fourth of July approaches you realize that Labor Day is more like it."

Two Pulling Boats

We spotted a nicely done double ender rowing past and hazarded a guess that it was Fred Ebinger's 14' Matinicus Island peapod from Ipswich, Massachusetts, but never did catch up with him to confirm this. When Fred sees this he'll surely let us know if we erred. Ashore was this 21' Alpha dory, a boat indigentous to the greater Salem area, built by Dan Noyes of West Newbury. This "extreme" dory was featured in John Gardner's *Dory Book*.



Antique & Classic Boat Festival Salem, Massachusetts August 2008

By Bob Hicks

A quarter century has passed since a group of "Save Boston Harbor" folks organized a small antique boat festival to draw public attention to the issues they were raising about the then ongoing degradation of that historic harbor. Since that beginning this event has moved 20 miles away to equally historic old Salem and become a gathering of mostly locals with nice old boats who enjoy once a year gathering and inviting the interested public to drop by and have a look (\$5 donation asked). This year we attended (it's only seven miles from home!) and here are some random views and comments that resulted from our visit.

Puffin

Here's a real family boat going back now three generations according to owner Daniel Davison of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Daniel sailed aboard her in his youth when she was his grandfather's boat.



Effie M

The Cronin family lives about 50 miles inland from Salem in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, but have sailed (and now motor) for a quarter century out of Salem. For many of those years they enjoyed a Friendship sloop, now their choice is this nicely restored/converted 32' lobster boat (lobster yacht?), *Effie M*, built in 1953 by Arno Day in Brooklin, Maine.



165' of Boats

Ernest Osborne was ensconced in his 1959 Owens 32' Flagship Cruiser, *Politzania* (I didn't ask its name's derivation) being interviewed by a local newspaper stringer when we passed by but later he did state that he now owned about 165' of boats, quite a bit of that footage for sale. I'm not certain that the footage offered for sale included his flagship but *Queenie* and another wood/canvas canoe, *Blue Belle*, were as was the 7' hydroplane *Little Neutrino*. The latter is believed to have been built from plans from a 1950s era *Popular Mechanics*.



Ernie's no slouch in the woodworking game nor in salesmanship. His advertising pamphlets handily available in the boats reveal that he is a builder and restorer of boats, canoes, houses, "exquisite" stairways, custom cabinetry, rolltop desks, wall units, and bookcases. He wraps it all up by stating, "If you have an idea, let me build it." Ernie lives in Derry, New Hampshire.

Here is his sign posted on *Queenie*: "1900 Closed Gunwale Courting Canoe, Hull #215, probably built as a wicker canoe for sale by George Gray's Hardware Store, soon to be renamed Old Town Canoe. Purchased new by Guy T. Mitchell to court his girl Rainier, which means queen in French. She never married him. *Queenie* spent 90 years at Canobie Lake in Salem, New Hampshire, with her name painted over. She is a 1,500 hour restoration."

Willow

This 29' sloop was built in 1946 by Dana Stevens in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and now belongs to Richard MacKinnon of Topsfield, Massachusetts.



Fond (?) Memories

The 32' replica 1800s pinky schooner, *Lewis H. Story*, made its usual appearance from the nearby Essex Shipbuilding Museum (maybe 35 miles over water) and brought me a rush of memories of my trip home (part-way) in her from the 2006 Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island (see October 15, 2006 issue if you're interested). The young lady is peering into the darkness of that 1800s forecastle. "Yes, Virginia, we really did sleep in there!" And nearby was the elegant tender we had on that trip, Stephen Dwyer's Chappelle 16' beach skiff, *Lea*, resplendent in full bright finish.



Teaser

This 22' Fenwick Williams catboat was built in 1935 in nearby Beverly by Benjamin Trask, today she's owned and enjoyed by Dana Marcocelle of S Hamilton, Massachusetts.



Mahogany Runabouts

The gleam of varnished mahogany was displayed by the two-boat fleet brought up from Purcellville, Virginia (must be a 500-mile trip overland), by Rebecca and Daniel Fendlason. Their 1947 Chris Craft 17' Deluxe runabout, thoughtfully named *Rebekah*, brought to mind the 1947 Chris Craft 17' Deluxe runabout "project" I once had in my boatshed, fated to never get started and sold along instead. I do love these boats, but alas...

Their other boat, *The Virginian*, was a 1966 Chris Craft 17' Custom Ski Boat featuring deck and interior covered in dazzling white and aquamarine blue naugahyde (or equivalent, we didn't get to meet the Fendlasons).



Bonnie Sea

Owner/builder Nathaniel Rome of Winchester, Massachusetts, launched this reproduction of an 1872 Kingston lobster boat from the top floor of his woodworking shop just in time to bring her to Salem.



Mallard

Owner Mark Corke of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, built this 26' gaff cutter in 1998, and a superb job it is.



Three Little Dinghies

We noted these three classic dinghies nearby their mother yachts, all nicely done. The one in the water was tender to *Golondrina*, a 39' Concordia yawl built by Abeking & Rasmussen in Lemwerder, Germany, in 1958, owned by John Eide of Portland, Maine.



Rozinante

Jonathan Margolis of Brookline, Massachusetts, didn't ponder over naming his Herreshoff Rozinante ketch, simply naming her *Rozinante*. She was built by Lee's Boatworks in Rockland, Maine, in 1973.



East Wind

Bud McIntosh of Dover, New Hampshire, built this 28' sloop in 1940, a wonderful example of his sort of solid traditional sailing craft. John and Sally Hayes of Salem are her owners.



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Rumble Bee Runabout

Carrying the flag for vintage fiberglass boats at this antique and classic show was Dave Hoar's 1966 Correct Craft 15' Mustang. Finished off in brilliant yellow and white, it was difficult to look right at it without sunglasses. Dave was down from Portland, Maine (90-mile trip overland), where he operates New England Fiberglass Co Yacht Repair.



Emily Anne

The view from the pilothouse of this 51' converted push/tug certainly had to be the best for taking in the whole show at a glance. She was built in Bayou La Batre, Louisiana, in 1957 and is owned by local Salem tugboat enthusiast Phil Pelletier.



Callisto

European styling distinguishes this 19' Celebrity sloop built in the 1950s by Stan Evanson in Holland. Owner is David Sigourney of Wayland, Massachusetts.



Rum Shark

Another 19' Celebrity built in 1955 by Stan Evanson is owned by Racket and Martha Shreve of Salem.



With gas at \$4 per gallon here in Massachusetts in July (and more in Canada) I was surprised to see so many wooden canoe enthusiasts at the WCHA Assembly in Peterborough, Ontario. We left Massachusetts at the crack of dawn on Wednesday July 16, and arrived just in time for dinner at Trent University, a long ride.

There was so much to see and do at the Assembly it is hard to squeeze it all into a brief report. I am sure a more complete report will appear in the next issue of *Wooden Canoe*.

For me the most exciting thing was the wood/canvas canoe that Roger Foster from Carlisle Canoes directed the building of at the Assembly. On Wednesday the canoe was ribbed on the form, by Thursday afternoon it was planked and off the form. On Friday the hull was finished up and the decks and thwarts were installed. It was sanded and varnished by Friday night. Saturday morning the canvas was stretched and stapled, at noon time the caning ladies had to go into quick time to finish the seats, they did and the canoe was ready to be auctioned off at the WCHA auction at 3pm. The high bidder at \$1,800 has a custom-made wooden canoe to take home and when he fills and paints it he will have a boat with a most interesting story behind it. In addition, this was a very generous donation to the WCHA treasury thanks to all those who had a hand in building this canoe.

Another exciting thing was our trip through the hydraulic lift lock in Peterborough, an engineering masterpiece that everyone should experience at least once. This 104-year-old device consists of two huge tubs of water 130' long and 30' wide containing 1,300 tons of water in each tub. It is hard to describe but as one tub goes up the other one goes down and boats of any size up to 130' long are moved from one level to the

The WCHA Assembly

By Steve Lapey

other. The total lift is 66'. We had a group of 42 canoes in the lock for our ride. We were way short of the record set recently by the Canadian Canoe Museum when they had 101 canoes in a group.

Another high point at the Assembly was our visit to the Canadian Canoe Museum. The museum itself is in a 40,000sf building with lots of interesting displays, but across the parking lot is the 100,000sf warehouse where they keep the bulk of their collection. Normally the warehouse is not open to the public but we were invited in and I have never seen anything like it. Examples of almost every canoe ever made were stacked on racks from one end of the building to the other. There were building forms, bark canoes, all wood canoes, dug-out canoes, folding canoes, skin on frame canoes, square stern canoes, racing canoes, freight canoes, and anything else one could think of.

The museum workshop is interesting, they have a large, well-equipped area that is used to restore, repair, and even

build canoes for their displays. The museum is worth a trip to Peterborough all by itself, anyone could spend a couple of days and not see everything that they have.

Becky Mason appeared at the Assembly and gave an incredible demonstration of precision paddling using a 16' Chestnut Prospector. She just made it look too easy, I am going to have to go out very early some morning when no one is looking and try to practice some of the maneuvers that she was doing. With any luck I'll be able to keep the canoe upright.

Editor Comments: The WCHA is the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. Interested readers may learn more about this organization at WCHA@wcha.org or see web page at <http://wcha.org>. For those not on line the mail address for general information is Jean Bratton, 1818 Swamp Pike, Gilbertsville, PA 19525.



Canoe building 101.



A corner of the museum warehouse showing just a part of the collection. The canoe in the foreground is a Chestnut Selkirk with a St John's school logo on the bow. This canoe was one of those involved in the Lake Timiskaming tragedy in 1978 (see sidebar story).

Becky Mason paddling in the Trent Canal.



Forty-two canoes in the lift lock.



The 2008 Minnesota Messabout had all the ingredients of a delightful endeavor; new people, new boats mixed with old friends, old boats, food, lots of beer, and a decent breeze inviting us to sail the rolls and waves of Lake Pepin, the widest spot on the Mississippi River and an excellent center for sailing. Little did we know that this would ultimately end up being one of those weekends better spent watching NASCAR on the boob tube.

The good news was that things started off well with the joyous gathering of the Lake Pepin Pirates and a couple of new ones inspecting each others boats with the fine eyes of crazy sailors who love anything that sails. *Gizmo*, the featured boat of last year, was there all spiffy and clean. The beloved mouse boat that was on the cover of *MAIB* a year or so ago was missing but a newer boat showed up with owner John Goeser and the Iowa designer, Steve Lewis, present for inspection and requisite praise. I, an old derelict, pretend sailor, and general dork of the decade, brought yet another non-wooden boat, the beautiful *Genny Sea*, a Potter 15 newly acquired in New York and hauled up from flooded cornfields.

While Friday night was spent launching boats, complaining about the crappy weather the Midwest had all winter (if we only knew then that the worst was yet to come), and enjoying some brew, the early coming of the rain did little to dampen our spirits. When Mississippi Bob is around I try like crazy to listen carefully and ask meaningful questions because he is an old Coasty and boat builder who knows just about everything a person could know about sailing. Bob has taken me under his wing to attempt modest education in basic boating. He understands that I need lots and lots of advice and he gracefully ignores my chronic failures.

Old Doc, thinking that he would sleep on board his Potter, discovered that he had forgotten to bring a tarp which warranted the first of a plethora of trips into town to purchase supplies. With this mindset I figured that since I didn't have to drive I could appreciate one of God's great blessings, a lot of beer. So when the rain poured and I was three sheets to the wind I stumbled into my little boat neatly covered with tarp. My misdeed of the evening soon proffered the appropriate punishment. Every 45 minutes my elderly bladder demanded attention and I woke up, sat up, banged my head, swore, stepped onto the deck and was totally drenched in fairly cold rain, crawled back to the sleeping bag that became more and more water logged every three-quarters of an

Minnesota Messabout 2008

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan
Photos Compliments of Bill Paxton



Gizmo.

hour. Memo to self: next time bring along a tarp and a porta-potty.

Among the newest additions to the usual gathering of wooden boats were Goeser's extraordinarily pink lugger with the acceptable name *Pink Panther* complete with pink panther curtains and a beautifully carved Pink Panther on the bow. His little mouse boat *Goldfish* was thoroughly missed but *Pink Panther* could not help but be seen, recognized, and admired from afar. Jerry Sicard's wherry was a welcome addition and brought high levels of acclaim from all attending. Bob Breeding's Skiff America was perhaps the most attention paid boat. He has been featured in other sailing magazines and his gorgeous craft deserved every bit of our admiration.

Mississippi Bob flew to Colorado to assist in the final construction and glassing of the craft so he, too, had some exuding pride. The old Coasty brought his own new row boat which exhibits all the incredibly beautiful detailing and exactness one usually sees with a Mississippi Bob creation. He is a genius and a craftsman to say nothing about

his sailing skills and general knowledge. His only negative attribute is his choice in friends (ie, me). Bill Giles' PDR racer was a newbie and a boat worthy of spending time on.

The Bad News was that the entire Minnesota Messabout had a slight tinge of misfortune that permeated the entire group. *Gizmo*, the highlight of last year's messabout caught the winds, current, and captain in a miserable situation and managed to turn turtle, depositing much of the gear on the bottom of the Mississippi and leaving a sour taste for all of us. Commodore Bill Paxton, Head Honcho of the event, borrowed the wherry and accidentally capsized in mid-channel much to his embarrassment. Bill is a highly experienced sailor and it has probably been years since he dumped a boat.

Old Doc (ahhh, that's me) watched a whipping wind rip a hole in his sail and send a batten about a hundred yards into never-never land. I rushed into town to purchase another only to find that a yachting town with bajillions of sailboats did not have a batten to be found. A duct-taped piece of aluminum and a yardstick worked fine right up to the time my forestay broke. Mississippi Bob again come to my rescue with a jury rigged attachment.

After an excellent dinner with large amounts of sympathy passed around mollified with copious consumption of beer, we decided that the Sail God had extracted due homage and showered us with humility. Securing my little *Genny Sea* to a tree for the night I was awakened by such rocking and rolling that I thought I was in a hurricane. Sheets of water pounded the roof of the cabin and waves erupted through the center board hole and drenched my sleeping bag and all cabin contents. Finally I fearfully abandoned ship in a terrific downpour only to find that the entire campground had been evacuated because of a tornado. Evidently they all forgot about me tossing and turning on the beach. I slept uncomfortably in my car and was glad to see some sunrise to end my night of frustration.

I know the boat needed a good paint job, and I suppose the silver lining is that the entire bottom of my Potter was sanded down to the fiberglass on the beach that night. However, a good breakfast and the companionship of the Minnesota Messabouts quickly refueled my excitement. I figure that the worse has hit us so that next year will be a superior Minnesota Messabout, even for us Iowans who sail other than wooden boats. As long as Mississippi Bob is there, nothing shall I fear.

Mississippi Bob in his new rowboat.



Jerry Sicard's Cosine Wherry.





Craig Burnell's *Black Bark*.



Steve Collins' Micro Trawler.



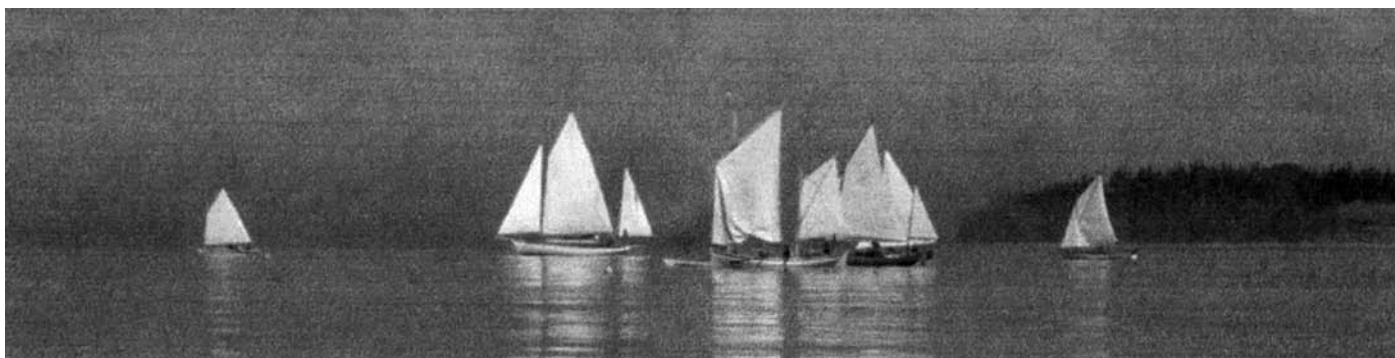
John Goeser's *Chugger*.

Bink's boat.



Paul Breeding's Skiff America.





Last August the Delaware River TSCA Delegation drove up to the *WoodenBoat* School in Brooklin, Maine, for the Small Reach Regatta. Are you aware that the word Brooklin is an ancient Algonquin term meaning “shiny wood boat for sale in backyard?” Many small boat builders had parked their latest efforts by the side of the road and their efforts were well worth stopping and looking at. We had trailed two boats, Wendy and Peter Byar in *Urchin*; Doug Oeller, John Guidera, and myself in *Pepita*.

This event is modeled after the Euro-Raid Raids; the regatta shared many of the principles of the Raid Finland and the Caledonian Raid, a group of small boats powered by oar and sail cover a fixed course. The Raids travel a fixed course, camping each night. Because of the difficulty of camp-cruising a large group along the Maine coast, *WoodenBoat* chose to have everybody camp at the *WoodenBoat* campus and day sail out and back each day. Also, there was much less emphasis on racing than in European Raids. That said, everybody paid close attention to sail trim, oar power, and navigation in the presence of vessels of similar size. Good company, great food, tide and current, rapidly changing conditions, lots of rocks to catch the unwary, fog navigation. It was an introduction to the next step. It was a defining experience for me. Anybody interested in the Maine Island Trail?

How does one get to participate? Pay close attention to the *WoodenBoat* forum. The process starts right after January 1, email a lengthy application and acceptance is decided in March. Doug decided to crew for me when his *Comfort* was rejected because she lacked rowing potential. There were other boats with not much more rowing capacity

Small Reach Regatta

By Mike Wick

than his but Doug felt OK about it, a good excuse to start building another boat in time for next year. Maybe a Storm 17 from a Swallowboat kit? Before May 1 send a check for the cost of food, then trailer 600 miles up to Brooklin, Maine, in August.

Dave Wyman carefully reviewed our required safety equipment. The list was extensive and expensive including flares, chart, compass, buoyancy bags, horn, first aid kit, VHF, GPS, but we used many of them and were glad we had the rest. Sailing along the Maine coast deserves careful preparation. One boat capsized and turned turtle but was rescued with little damage thanks to VHF and chase boats. They used a grapnel to bring the mast back to horizontal and then bailed her out. She continued the course in the afternoon.

We launched on Thursday for day sailing in the harbor. I planted my heavier anchor tied to a fender as a weekend mooring and kept a 3lb lunch hook aboard for emergencies. Wendy and others volunteered for a short trip on the schooner *Bowdoin* but I used my time to try out recent improvements to *Pepita*. I had Floyd's as well as my GPS which were both a decade or more old but they both proved perfectly adequate. Earlier in the summer Doug and I had drowned his more modern GPS sailing near Crisfield and it was still in the shop. Once I relearned how to use these earlier models I can't imagine wanting a more sophisticated edition. Melonseeds are wet boats, electronics require extensive protection and, anyway, I hate systems.

Friday was the first day of Euro-Raid type sailing. We lunched at Torrey Island then ran down Eggemoggin Reach toward Benjamin River. We were within a mile or so of the turning mark when I looked at John and he looked at me. We faced a long beat back home in a dying breeze with considerable chance of fog. So we pressed the “eject” button and began beating upwind. Sure enough, everybody within miles of us followed suit. We all had a long afternoon's beat toward home, sometimes just stemming and, as we neared home with *Urchin* on our quarter, it came down thick a fog. I was glad to be almost home when it closed in.

Saturday was still thick fog with the promise of rain so we rowed along close to Naskeag Point. My GPS was a real blessing, rocks and buoys came up on time from the right direction. Just in case, a chase boat was stationed at the western tip of Devil's Head to shepherd any lost sheep. Rain came in heavy at times for a couple of hours but stopped and let the breeze fill in just in time for a nice afternoon sail.

There was a joke making the rounds, if one was looking to meet someone the answer was, “He's the fellow with the gray beard.” Did I mention that they fed us like kings? First night fish chowder, Friday night chicken and ribs, then a final blowout of fish house punch and lobster, clams, mussels, and corn. It was all we could do to waddle uphill and collapse in our tents.

Did I mention the company? Ben Fuller was in full mentor mode with his beautiful Faering. Dave McCullen walked me round his 19' *Supermelon* discussing camber, deck beams, mast steps, partners, and reinforcing. It may have just been the fish house punch but I have a vague memory of pledging that I would take a Sawzall to the middle of my new bare Melonseed hull and splice in 3' more.

Jim Luton from upstart Brooklyn, who had crewed for Kevin Brennan at our Barnegat Bay regatta, brought his gorgeous Windward 15, *Cricket*. He was like lightning upwind but graciously slowed on the reaching legs to give heart to us gaffers. Tony Diaz had his full batten, ketch-rigged Harrier *Ran Tan*, the boat he had designed to cruise the Maine Island Trail, and was always at the head of the fleet. It was from him I learned that oars and rowing are as vital a part of Raid cruising as is the sailing, that as soon as you fall below hull speed it is time to “out sticks.” They often worked just the weather oar so as not to interfere with sail trim. Rick Hayden held up the re-enactor side with 18th century dress, complete with pigtail queue, sailed his perfectly executed Moosabec Reach Boat. It was a rare combination.

Wade Smith had brought his Bahama Dinghy *Edwin Albury*. Sixteen-and-a-half



feet long, she seemed much bigger. She was decked out in all the details and the pastels of an true Bahama boat except that he sculled with a spoon-blade, carbon fiber, sculling oar. It had that elegant irony but he was swift at the oar and able to keep up with some of the fastest oared craft. First rank of popular designs was Ian Oughtred Caledonian/Ness yawls, then dories, then peapods, shearwaters, and Melonseeds. Other favorites included a South Jersey sea skiff and a Salisbury Point skiff built 20 years ago by Lowell, that has bags of patina.

Was it fun? No more than a Messabout, St Mike's, and a Gardner weekend rolled into one. I can't wait until next year. And I am serious about the Maine Island Trail.

Small Reach Regatta

By Wendy Byar

Reprinted from *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA

The Small Reach Regatta in Brooklin, Maine, was a treat. Peter and I arrived on Thursday afternoon, just in time for a light wind sail on the schooner *Bowdoin*. The Thursday night supper was fish chowder which went down warmly with some Italian sausages and green salad. We met up with Doug, John, and Mike during the safety check. I had managed to lose my chart printouts on the way up but we had everything else. Fortunately the GPS had all the islands on it.

My boat, *Urchin*, is on the small side. I was a bit worried about keeping up with the boys. The captains' meeting on Friday morning was set for 8am, after which a group effort launched everyone. The beach there is very rocky with barnacles. I am used to softball-sized cobble with the occasional concrete chunk at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, but this beach had basketball-sized scratchy rocks with lots of wrack weed. We were asked to anchor at night in order to reduce the launch time in the mornings. A ferryman would take us out to our boats on *Fetch*, a workboat complete with a friendly dog. It

was amusing to climb out of a big launch onto my tiny tender.

Friday started out with light air and sunny skies. We sailed out past Babson toward Conary Island. Mike, Doug, and John were gone in a flash since *Pepita* is a great light air boat. They sailed on around Bear and Block Islands while Pete and I cut down Eggemogin Reach with a couple of other small boats. We sailed between the Torrey Islands since it was high tide and stopped for lunch on a nice shell beach. Everyone had brought their own sack lunches, and we swapped stories for an hour or so.

Then we took a sail up the Reach toward Sedgewick Bridge. My general rule was to sail with everyone until the lead boats turned and then head back. That way no one waited for us since we weren't the first or the last boat. We headed back past High Head and around Little Babson. At this point we could see the fog coming, rolling over the islands one by one. The wind kicked up, too, giving *Urchin* a sleigh ride for a while. We hit 5.5kts on the GPS which is really fast for *Urchin* since she usually sails at 2.5-3kts.

We zoomed through the cut between Babson and Little Babson right into a wall of fog. We were following Tony Diaz in his Harrier and, poof, he was gone. Large black and white horizontal stripes appeared, the side of an anchored schooner, and then we were in the anchorage navigating to the beach. Friday night brought another great meal of fresh corn, barbecue, and hot fudge sundaes. Tom Jackson gave a talk about his trip to Ireland and Denmark on board a 98' Viking long ship. It was full of wonderful pictures, tales of hardship, cold water, survival suits, and great comrades, all the elements of classic sailor stories.

The fog stayed all night and we woke up to it on Saturday morning. Fog in Maine is so thick you can slice it, butter it, and eat it for breakfast. The captains' meeting on Saturday brought a rowing course past Naskeag Point, Smuttynose Island, and around Mahoney since there was no wind. Pete and I do fine rowing and passed most of the fleet, meeting up with other rowers on Mahoney Island for a snack. Most of the larger sailboats opted for the shorter course around Harbor Island.

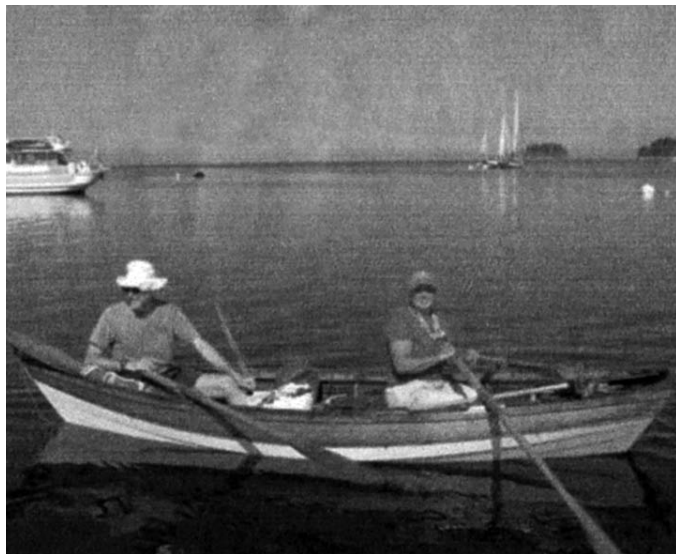
During the morning, *Peggy Bliss*, a low profile sailboat, turtled in the fog. *Fetch* came alongside her and buoyed her mast with a grappling hook and then set her cold crew to pumping out water to warm up. We learned some good lessons from that debacle, like keeping our radio on our person, not in the dry bag under the seat.

Rowing through the fleet was enjoyable in the fog. The foghorns and vibrations of lobster boat engines could be felt and little toots of horns and whistles let us know we were not alone, even though we couldn't see anyone. We circumnavigated Mahoney and set out for the lunch rendezvous. When we were about 100' off Mahoney the sky opened up with buckets of rain. I wished I had an old sou'wester hat like Doug's. Pete and I both had new Goretex pants so we were comfortable in the pouring rain as we rowed along next to the Faering which we could now see. When we got close to Hog Island for lunch the rain eased and by the time we landed it had almost stopped. I heated a pot of water on an Esbit stove and made soup for lunch. Then the sun came out and the boats on the beach were festooned with foul weather gear hung out to dry.

We left the beach for the harbor with a perfect reaching breeze. It was clams, mussels, lobster, corn, and blueberry buckle in the pole barn for supper. Despite all the hard work sailing and rowing. I gained a pound or two on this trip.

Sunday morning's sunshine brought us the last captains' meeting and a sailing itinerary that included Potato, Bear, and Black Islands and then back to the beach on the cove side. *Urchin* and *Elf* sailed in company to Potato and back on the small boat plan. We both took some spray over the gunwales as the channel was very choppy. The sun stayed out for lunch on the beach. Pete and some hardy rowing types from Massachusetts went swimming. I had lots of fun talking to people about their boats.

When we reached the cove we began the project of hauling everyone out. Trailers were driven down and boats were loaded and dropped in the yard. Camp was struck, good-byes lingered, and then our New Jersey contingent hit the road for the trek home. I wish Maine was not so far away but I want to go back next year already.



Newfoundland from Above

What a spectacular sandspit peninsula, and what a massive mountain range, I thought to myself as I looked out my window at 34,000 feet down onto the western shore of Newfoundland. I was looking at the almost 250-mile long spine of the Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland and the fishhook-shaped 25 by 30-mile long sandspit peninsula at Port au Port. I have to check out this area some day, I thought hopefully, and do some serious paddling and hiking there.

That was 24 years ago but the initial image from above never faded, it just got postponed for other more pressing tasks or projects. But after last summer's rounding of Cape Breton Island (see *MAIB*, January 2008) I felt I had set myself up to paddle along the western shore of Newfoundland, "La Cote des Basques," all the way to the very tip at L'Anse aux Meadows and check out the Vikings' and John Cabot's possible landing there around 1000 and 1497 respectively.

The western half of Newfoundland even looks like that of Cape Breton Island, only larger. And why not start my trip at Port au Port on the inside of that huge fishhook-shaped sandspit peninsula? This would present me with a very doable 320 mile/512km 16-day paddle. I knew I would not be able to average more than 20 miles per day with the ubiquitous fog, notorious rain, persistently strong winds, and ever-increasing tides towards the Strait of Belle Isle, not to mention the precipitous shoreline making landing very difficult.

The Plan – Logistics

Getting to the put-in was relatively easy to figure out. But how would I get my car up to L'Anse aux Meadows or me, my boat, and my gear back to my car at Port au Port? I Googled an outfitter for the Gros Morne National Park. He suggested I contact a trucking firm in St Anthony (the only town up north) and have them ship my boat and gear back south to Stephenville while I take the bus (which, by the way, does not run any more) and a taxi back to my car in Port au Port and wait until my boat arrives. "You are kidding," I sputtered dumfoundedly, but no, he was not.

This meant I had to come up with a Plan B. I entered a Newfoundland kayaking website, asking whether any paddler could drive my car from the Port au Port/Corner Brook area up to L'Anse aux Meadows from where I would drive him/her back home the

The Western Shore of Newfoundland

Solo By Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

same day, and it worked. I got a most accommodating reply from Steve who assured me, "No problem! Just phone me when you get there." That was my kind of guy. Thanks, Steve. I liked his "can-do" attitude and was more than ready to reimburse him for his time (and, of course, gas), which he at the end accepted only reluctantly.

My venture turned out to be a good 2,000-mile round trip by car from Orono, Maine (two times three days), including two six-hour ferry rides, from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, and back. It took a lot of planning but in the end was worth it. Everything worked out just right, down to my ferry reservations both ways and a B&B near Port au Port the night before the start of my paddle trip. The owner of the B&B even agreed to drop me off at my put-in at sunrise, 6:00am, and drive my car back to his place and later to Corner Brook where Steve would pick it up. Thanks, Bill.

Steep and Beautiful: The Trip Begins

It was a relief to be in my boat, leaving terra firma, my car, and all other problems ashore. The trip had started (July 18, 2008) and I was full of excitement and expectations. I knew from looking at my Canadian nautical charts, most of which were black and white charts from the British Admiralty going back to Captain Cook, the first systematic surveyor of this coastline in the 1760s, that the first four days would be the most spectacular but also the most difficult days. The 90 miles of shoreline all the way to Rocky Harbor would be steep, precipitous, and hard in more than one sense because there were hardly any harbors or even little pocket beaches to pull out on for the night or in an emergency.

But I lucked out on the weather for this stretch, it was sunny and warm with winds never exceeding 20 miles/hour. I even decided to island hop across the big Bay of Islands, saving myself an extra day for when I would get winded in. My paddle plan had not allowed extra wind days but rather set a daily target of 20 nautical miles (22.5 statute miles) and a trip average of 20 statute miles per day. It worked out perfectly, 320 miles in 16 days.

Just as on my charts, the Long Range Mountains plunged steeply right down to the water, affording truly spectacular views up and down the coastline as well as skyward. My first night saw me at the foot of the Lewis Hills (2475'); then at South Head, the steep tip of the peninsula jutting into the Bay of Islands from the south; at Cape St Gregory (2251'); and in Rocky Harbor at the edge of Gros Morne National Park, the "Big and Gloomy," as the name implies. Curious pilot whales accompanied me most of the way.

The Blow-Me-Down-Mountain winds at my second overnight at South Head were very active all afternoon, slamming into my modest pocket beach campsite with gusts of up to 40 knots. The surface of the water, however, only showed black wind ripples. There were no big waves or whitecaps since the wind only came in strong gusts from all directions. I was glad, though, I was not out on the water that afternoon.

Prevailing Winds, Tides, and Courses

From Rocky Harbor on the Long Range Mountains move back from the very shore, leaving a two-mile wide elevated more or less level corridor for the only road running north connecting the many small townships and fishing villages. Mostly, however, I encountered small seasonal fishing stations, locally known as "outports," consisting of five to ten very small houses or sheds. The lobster season had already ended. It is very restricted up here, I learned, stretching for eight weeks from the first Saturday in May. July was cod fishing season, 1500 pounds per week per license holder, and also shrimp. So, except for the few fishing boats out on the water off the few still active harbors like Rocky Harbor, Port au Choix, Hawke, Saunders, Ferrolle, St. Barbe, and a few others, the ocean was empty. I saw no sailboats, pleasure craft, or even other sea kayakers. I was absolutely alone along a shore of significant geological and climatological proportions.

My dead reckoning navigation was somewhat easy though, I would steer basically northeast along an almost straight coastline, keep the ocean on my left and land on my right as I had done on so many of my other long distance sea canoe trips. But since fog can set in at any moment I always made sure I had an accurate course figured out in advance and compensated for the significant 24 degrees western deviation; ie, ADDED 24 degrees to the true chart course for my compass heading.

Ferry to Port aux Basques – arrival in Newfoundland.



Bay of Islands from my tent.





Typical fishing station or "outport."



Cape St Gregory (my campsite on right).

I had studied the prevailing wind patterns for July and had hoped a steady SW wind would push me nicely towards my goal in L'Anse aux Meadows. But no matter how early I got on the water, and I usually made it by sunrise, 6:00am (which meant getting up at 4:45am), it was already blowing hard, mostly at a very steady 15-25 knots with wet whitecaps and rain or thick fog that felt more like rain in my face. It was real Gore-Tex weather and I was glad I had replaced my old leaky rainsuit and floppy hat. I also wore a polypropylene suit under it and poly gloves. I felt cozy, never cold, despite being wet from the outside and moist in my own sweaty mist from working so hard and for so many hours. Most days I spent about six hours in my boat, often without a break, three days even seven-and-a-half hours. I knew I would have overheated in a wet or dry suit.

The Vikings at St Paul's Inlet

The Gros Morne area north of Rocky Harbor was not as spectacular as I had expected from the many pictures I had Googled ahead of time. The mountains move quite a ways back from the ocean and must look much more breathtaking from certain hiking trails along the steep fjords and mostly bare mountain tops than the distant views I was getting from the water. But that was all right by me since that afforded me possible take-outs along shore.

It seemed like a long paddle to St Paul's Inlet with the road and lots of noisy trucks running right beside me. Needless to say, I

greatly enjoyed pulling my boat out on a lovely sandy beach at the very tip of the large tidal inlet or "hop," also known as a "barachois." This was the same place where, according to the Icelandic sagas, a group of Vikings had landed around 1000 looking for Leif Erickson's Vinland. I remember reading that they had a nasty encounter with the native Beothuk people here (pronounced "Bee-OH-tik") who eventually made them leave the premises and return to L'Anse aux Meadows, the "Bay of Jellyfish," by the way, according to the original French name "L'Anse aux Meduse." Today's name "Meadows" is simply a British corruption of the French word for jellyfish, "meduse," which very few people, even up there, know. The Brits must not have heard right or knew better... or both.

Point Riche/Port au Choix and Ferrolle Point

Point Riche at Port au Choix (from "Portuchoa," "the little port") was my first major point rounding and created some anxious moments, pushing me and my boat to the very edge of what we could handle. I had rounded the point, so I thought, and was turning back towards shore, turning my tail to the waves, when a set of big breaking rollers tossed me about, almost into a headstand, while I tried desperately to brace myself upright so I would not lose my balance and fall out of my boat which was tearing along on those big waves. Whew, that was close!

Ferrolle Point (named after a cape in Spain and locally pronounced "Froll," as in

"roll") came next. But after only eight miles a fierce, increasing WSW wind forced me off the water into Squid Cove. The following day, though, I rounded Cape Ferrolle, with its many long ledge bars leading up to it and at its very tip, without a problem and made it into my favorite harbor of the entire trip, Old Ferrolle Harbor. It is one of the few natural harbors along these shores, like ours here in Maine and the rest of New England, and was thus chosen by the Basque fishermen as one of their favorite hangouts.

I pulled out at Plum Point where the Basques must have gone ashore also and where one can still see the large mooring anchors and wooden dinghy/boat ramps. And then the sun came out, my clothes, sleeping bag, and pad got dried and I enjoyed myself immensely on my level, grassy tentsite surrounded by colorful wildflowers. My BDS (my brief daily swim) was cold as expected but never as frigid as off Nova Scotia. I was still in the Gulf of St Lawrence and not in the Labrador current along the Atlantic side.

After seven days of WSW winds on my left quarter the wind finally shifted to the NNE for the rest of my trip, coming in over my left bow, again blowing a steady 15-25 knots. And the farther north I got the more I also noticed the effects of the strong ebb tide current which I encountered each morning. That sounded good for my course initially but wasn't really because the tide was running against the wind and started creating noticeable tide rips off every point.

Approaching Gros Morne National Park and Rocky Harbor.



Viking site at mouth of St Paul's Inlet.





“Arches” Provincial Park.

Rounding Big Bad Cape Norman

I made it fine past St Barbe, though, from where a ferry can take you across the Strait of Belle Isle to Blanc Sablon, the oldest Basque fishing harbor along the Labrador coast. This was the narrowest spot of the Strait, about ten miles wide or a bit wider than the Northumberland Strait between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, but thick fog kept me from seeing the steep shore of Labrador until I was driving home in my car at the end of my trip. North of Eddies Cove the road left the shore, trees got even sparser, and the often black rock walls along shore looked even harder and more menacing, a very lonely, bleak, and foreboding stretch.

Approaching Cape Norman, I was again blown off the ocean after only eight miles, beyond Big Brook, but I was able to tuck into Boat Head Cove just before Boat Harbor. However, this turned out to be a very pleasant stopover. The town of Boat Harbor was celebrating their ten-year homecoming and lots of former residents from as far away as Alberta, Calgary, and Edmonton were visiting, along with their kids, who found me first on their ATVs and dirt bikes. I walked into town (a good mile) and enjoyed a cup of hot coffee and homemade doughnuts in their church vestry which also proudly showed off the family tree of the Wadsworth family who started this community.

The nicest thing was, when around supper time a Mr Wadsworth (and son), who is one of the few remaining fishermen in this village, came by my tent with a care package of smoked salmon, homemade muffins

and bread, a jar of cloudberry jam, an orange, and other little goodies. What a nice touch. It gave me renewed energy and encouragement to tackle big bad Cape Norman the next day. The steep shore of Labrador continued to remain hidden in fog and rain, and I tried hard to ignore the big iceberg off my shore towards Cape Norman when I turned in for the night.

It was windy all right, from the NNE again, and there was fog, rain, and a hard running ebb tide. The shore looked bleak and foreboding and big ocean swells were rolling in magnificently with crests about 50 yards apart, breaking on every rocky outcropping or bar. Fortunately the cape itself was bold and clean and I again heard and even saw the sickle-shaped dorsal fins of several pilot whales slicing through the water. (Pilot whales, not sharks as paddler Greg Stamer recently maintained on Canadian W.) The real problem came after I rounded the cape on my way into Cook Harbor. Norman Rock and a few other ledges were one mile off shore and I was even farther out. It was tense and I was all eyes and ears, making absolutely sure I would not get caught in any of those humongous breaking swells.

I threaded my way inside of Schooner Island towards Cook Harbor (named after British Captain James Cook of South Seas and Hawaiian fame and first surveyor of these waters in the 1760s). But then I boldly decided to cross the entire Pistolet Bay at its mouth to Burnt Cape on Burnt Island and on across Ha Ha Bay to Ha Ha Point. I smiled as I mouthed these names but the steep, black, ragged rock formations brought me back to

reality in no time. I saw a little cove behind some protective ledges and a ledge island and I decided to pull out and pitch my tent on the black pebble sea wall. I was bushed and done for the day.

It was another wet and foggy night but my satellite phone worked flawlessly and hearing Nancy's cheerful, supportive voice on the other end always gives me a big boost. Our “date” was set for 6:00pm sharp “Newfy time” before I left on my trip. My VHF radio telephone, on the other hand, did not always work and I had to do without an accurate weather report a couple of days. (It works on a line of sight and can get blocked by mountains.)

Into Sacred Bay and the Former Viking Landing

One more day to go and one more cape to round, Cape Onion, before I could slip into Sacred Bay and the little harbor of L'Anse aux Meadows. It was again blowing from the NNE at 15-25 knots plus rain, fog, tides, swells, only more so. And again there were long bars capped with little islands extending way out into where I did not really want to be, but absolutely had to go if I did not want to go swimming around this point and that was never an option in my trip planning.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief when I finally saw Ship Cove on the inside of Cape Onion. From there I headed straight across Sacred Bay in wonderful parallel waves. (I really love paddling in parallel waves, maybe heading just ten degrees into them. Powering straight into the wind is often too wet and too much work. The worst kind of



Mouth of Bateau Cove – a minimal harbor.

Old Ferrolle Harbor – the Basques' favorite port.



Flat, treeless tundra at northern tip of Newfoundland.





Ha Ha point – nothing to laugh about.

waves, though, are big breaking waves from behind because I cannot see and anticipate them, like at Point Riche.)

Sacred Bay is a very scenic bay with lots of islands, peninsulas, bights, and ledges. I finally could relax and marvel at the scenery, especially the impressive two big outer Great Sacred and Little Sacred Islands. And at that point I realized that this was exactly what the Vikings must have seen around 1000 when they came looking for the “Vinland” that Leif Erickson had discovered and described in 996. And here in little Epaves Bay at the mouth of the tiny Black River, at this rather small pebble beach, they must have beached their boats as I was doing right now.

And there was their modest settlement, now nicely and authentically reconstructed at the L’Anse aux Meadows National Historic Site (which is also a UNESCO World Historic Site). Nobody was there. Great. So I gave myself a private guided tour from all I had read about the Vikings, most recently Farley Mowat’s book *Westviking* (see info at end of this article).

You see, I grew up in Viking country in northern Germany, on the Jutland peninsula between the North Sea and the Baltic Sea, not far from the major hub and trading post between these two important seas. At Haddeby (Haithabu) near the present town of Schleswig there was an important walled Viking city where, between the years 800-1050, goods from the Baltic would come in on the long thin arm of the Schlei fjord. From Haddeby it was only nine miles to the west-flowing river system of the Treene and Eider Rivers which flow into the North Sea. I vividly remember the Haddeby Viking museum, housed in what looked like five upside-down Viking boats. The gem of the digs, however, a fully intact racy-looking Viking ship, the “Nydam” boat, was exhibited in the old castle of “Schloss Gottorp.” It was one of the first things I had to show my wife and later our kids when we visited my folks back in the old “Heimat.”

At the L’Anse aux Meadows site there was a low longhouse partially set into the ground and covered with peat sod over thin tree trunks. Several closable openings in the roof must have drawn out the smoke from the fires inside but I cannot imagine being cooped up in there without real daylight for an entire Newfoundland winter, eating mostly dried fish, no fruit or vegetables, inhaling lots of smoke, being cold and wet and suffering from vitamin C deficiency. I know the Acadians of 1604/08 had serious problems with

scurvy. At the first settlement on St Croix Island in Maine only 44 of 79 men survived the first winter, while in the first settlement in Quebec 400 years ago only eight men out of 28 saw the next spring.

And there were work stations including a smithy where they may have smelted iron or at least reworked their iron fittings and nails. A large communal outdoor fireplace... it was easy for me to get carried away and move in. But I had only pulled my boat onto the beach without tying it up. This whole area is a virtually treeless big bog, tundra, and flat as a pancake for more than 60 miles. I had to get back before my boat decided to follow the Vikings out to sea and on to Greenland from whence they came.

So I hurried back but my trusty Kruger Sea Wind had kindly waited for me. Looking over my shoulder as I pushed off the beach I noticed I was smiling from ear to ear. “Reinhard, you have done it again, just as you had planned your trip, and again right on time and without any mishap.” I was chuckling but also noticing that it had not been easy. As a matter of fact, with each year my trips had been getting harder and harder, not only because I was getting older (and older, currently 69), but also because my trips were getting farther and farther away from home and into rougher and ever more challenging territory.

Cape Bauld/Quirpon Island and John Cabot’s 1497 Landing in the New World

There was one more thing I had thought about doing when I first planned this trip and that was checking out Cape Bauld at the very tip of Quirpon Island (pronounced “Carpoon” as in harpoon, which is also its original meaning), the last headland before the open Atlantic. I still had half a day to do so. I saw it jutting out into the Strait, bleak and bold, only five miles from where I was now but then thick fog wiped it off the map as well as my mental screen. The wind kept howling, sending big waves and swells crashing on all surrounding shorelines and ledges. I felt suddenly humbled by the tremendous forces of nature and very small and vulnerable.

I was tired of battling the elements. At the same time I felt proud of my decision not to go to or even around Quirpon Island only because I had said I might so I could boast upon my return to Maine that “of course I also went around Cape Bauld.” I felt I needed to prove that I could say NO to myself. Saying YES had always been much easier for me. But most importantly, I was still numb from Cape Norman and Cape Onion and thus



Viking camp at L’Anse aux Meadows (work stations).

saw myself quietly paddle into L’Anse aux Meadows Harbor proper. With a smile I declared my trip successfully over. The eagle had landed. It was August 2, 2008.

After setting up my tent in the rain and reporting my safe arrival at home, I asked two local fishermen about Cape Bauld and got all my answers, and that will have to do I thought to myself. They agreed that Cape Bauld was absolutely no place to be under the present weather conditions. And yes, there were white rocks in the headland, thus Bauld meant white (not bald) as I assumed, being an old English major. The headland is elevated (500’) like the Sacred Islands but not nearly as high as the Labrador coast or Cape North on Cape Breton Island (1415’). And there are only two small coves on the open Atlantic side where John Cabot could have landed, gone ashore, and raised a cross and the British flag to claim this “new found land” for the British crown. But Cape Bauld still sits on a tiny island, not the mainland, not an appropriate place to claim an entire continent as I see it.

I still believe John Cabot first landed at Cape North on Cape Breton Island, where I was last year, and that Cape Bauld was merely his point of departure for Cape Dursley, Ireland, being on the same latitude.

Then one of the fishermen tossed me a cod fish to cook for my supper, signaling the end of my question and answer period. I felt bad having drilled them with my petty questions but beamed as I caught the fish in mid-air. I thanked them profusely and with that my trip was definitely over. What a proper way to celebrate my successful 320-mile solo paddle along Newfoundland’s fierce west coast of the Great Northern Peninsula, I thought to myself, a cod fish for supper in “the land of the cod,” or “Tierra de Bacalaos” as this big “Rock” Newfoundland was known in Portuguese.

The Norstead Viking Village

Later that afternoon I found out there was a whole Viking village nearby, including the replica Viking ship that had sailed here from Greenland in 1996/97 to celebrate Leif Erickson’s first arrival in the New World. And then it dawned on me, that boat was built in Maine, on Hermit Island near the mouth of the Kennebec River for author/adventurer Hodding Carter. I had even read his book describing their voyage on *Snorri* and remember being very impressed. I had to see it. The whole settlement was just about 400 yards behind my tent on the next bight over.

And there she was, beautifully maintained and preserved with lots of linseed oil. It was stored in a huge boat shed looking like a Viking longhouse covered with peat sod over thin tree trunks. I could not get enough looking at all the construction details, the mast, the sails, the rudder, down to the huge pile of stone ballast the boat carried across from Greenland.

I even joined a group of Viking-clad ladies, who were sitting on sheepskin-covered wooden benches and tending pots around a smoking fire and carding wool. "What's for supper?" I asked gleefully but only received a benevolent smile for an answer. I better stick to boats, I thought to myself, as I walked back to my humble abode, but a whole pot full of steamed cod fish steaks. Mmm, was that good!

Future Trip Plans

And yes, I have already thought about what I could do next year. I thoroughly scared myself by thinking the most logical trip would take me from here across the Strait of Belle Isle (by ferry from St Barbe to Blanc-Sablon in Labrador) and then along the so-called "North Shore" of the St Lawrence River, 400 miles to the west to Sept Isles, the next access point, or even on to Tadoussac and Quebec City eventually, thus completing my loop around the entire Gulf of St Lawrence. But I know better than to tackle those harsh and inaccessible 800 miles solo.

And what about continuing circumnavigating "The Rock," some of you eager read-

ers may ask? At that very moment, though, all I could do is take comfort in the thought that I might stop right here in L'Anse aux Meadows, stop while I was ahead, and only dream about those other trips in this area, bent over my beloved nautical charts and Coast Pilot with Nancy and my dog Big Boy at my side... until the urge to explore new shores gets too strong again, who knows. Signing off for now, though, over and out. Enjoy! Reinhard

PS: If any of you readers have missed any of my epistles or want to reread any of them, you can now do this on my absolutely non-commercial website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com.

Info

NOAA charts of the entire west coast of Newfoundland. Fisheries & Oceans, Ottawa, Canada

Sailing Directions, Gulf of St Lawrence. Fisheries and Oceans, Ottawa, Canada, 1992

The Basque Coast of Newfoundland, by Selma Huxley Barkham. Great Northern Peninsula Development Corp (undated)

Farley Mowat: *Westviking*. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1965

W. Hodding Carter: *A Viking Voyage*. Ballantine Books, NY, 2000.

Boat and Gear

17'2" Kevlar Verlen Kruger Sea Wind solo sea canoe (www.krugercanoes.com)

10oz carbon fiber bent-shaft marathon-racing canoe paddle by Zaverl (www.zre.com)

Iridium Satellite phone, VHF radio tele-

phone for weather reports and contacting Coast Guard and other boats

Luneberg lensatic passive radar reflector by West Marine (so I show up on other boats' radar)

6' bicycle wiggle stick (so other boats can see me better)

Two 10 liter water bags by MSR-Dromedary (also great for water ballast under my boat seat and for boat trim)

Camping gear, including one-burner propane stove for wilderness beach camping (no campgrounds or homes)

Canned food and all gear selected and packed at home in Orono, Maine.

NO official sponsor, no stress, no obligations, all gear is my personal choice

Cost: gas for VW Golf, 2,000 miles; car ferry to Newfoundland, \$231.00 (round trip)

Statistics

Three-day drive up to put-in and three days back home from take-out (a bit over 2,000 miles total, twice as far as last year's drive to Cape Breton Island)

16 days on the water – 320 miles/512 km – 20 miles per day on average boat time, mostly about six hours in the boat;

Three days of seven-and-a-half hours each

Longest distance paddled per day, 27 miles; shortest distance paddled per day, three days between seven to ten miles each

Rest/wind days: none

Unintended personal weight loss: the usual 10 pounds (sorry, Nancy)

Gear or personal damage: none



Viking longhouse at L'Anse aux Meadows.



Doorway to longhouse (notice peat sod construction).

Cape Bauld on Quirpon Island in the distance.



"Norstead Viking Village" – boathouse and runestone.



Tuesday, April 25, 2000: Well, we are on our cruise of the Pamlico Sound area. I regret to report that I have yet to do anything dumb, but then there is still a week or two left. Anyway, we left last Thursday on a perfectly calm day and with little trouble made it from Edenton on the west end of Albemarle Sound to the Alligator River on the east and up the Alligator to its navigable end where we anchored at a place called Deep Point. All was well until we decided to up anchor the next morning and the previously peaceful winds suddenly decided to blow 20 knots, as if on cue.

As we left the Alligator and entered the Alligator/Pungo River canal the wind steadily rose to 40 knots on our beam. With no sails up we were at times heeling at 10 to 20 degrees. But not to fear, just in time for us to leave the canal the wind shifted to directly on our bow and the Pungo greeted us with 40kt winds and steep 4' seas. We were stopped in our tracks several times and generally felt like we were the insides of a pinata. We made it to Belhaven where, of course, we were faced with getting into an unfamiliar slip in impossible winds blowing us into a rock wall 20' away. Fun (see note below)! One of us managed to do it without any damage to the boat or our egos. The other one of us quickly drank two martinis, forgetting the promises he had made only moments before to God.

The next day we basically spent recovering and followed that the following day, Easter Sunday, with an easy trip to Bath where we joined up with many friends. That was two days ago. On Monday, yesterday, we set off from Bath for Beaufort on the coast but decided to hold up 20 miles short of that at Oriental on the Neuse because of promised bad weather. Like my promises it was largely unfulfilled and we could have easily made Beaufort. However, Oriental is very nice and we will probably hang around for a couple of more days.

Like most sailors we think power boaters who put up huge wakes in narrow channels as they pass other boats (aka sailboats) that are slow and can't maneuver out of the way because of the narrow confines are somewhat light of being polite. Sailors have been known to communicate this observation using simple hand signals. When we tried something similar once the big boat came to a stop, turned around, and slowly returned to our location whereupon its crew of four saluted us by mooning. Abandoning that tactic we limit our reaction to turning around and glaring at the boat that just passed us (going the other way). Yesterday when this happened we had to laugh, the boat's name was *SueMe*.

On a more serious note we have been following the adventures of an offshore boat in big trouble on VHF 16. We heard the original Mayday this morning and thought it a fake because the caller was too calm, almost lighthearted, and also the call was allegedly from about 120 miles away and the VHF should not carry that far. It was real. A large sailboat was dismantled and had suffered hull damage off Wilmington, North Carolina. When we last heard his motor had also quit. A Coast Guard cutter is on the way to him and should reach him in three hours (it is now 3:34:36pm). He is trying to reach Beaufort because his draft is too great for other closer ports. The last message from the Coast Guard to him told him to try to keep his motor running and "have a nice trip."

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 3

Spring 2000 Pamlico Sound Cruise

By Carl Adler

Our stay in Oriental was great. We ended up making friends with David and Jean Semonite who were bringing their Hinckley Picnic Boat from their condo in Florida to their home in Maine. The Hinckley Picnic Boat is a gorgeous power boat. Low and sleek with a 350hp Yanmar Diesel and jet drive. Very nice interior, as well it should be for a 36' boat that runs at \$400,000! Picture available at www.image-ination.com/Image25.jpg. Also, while we were there we saw possibly the ugliest boat we have ever seen, a Great Harbor 37. This boat is almost as high as it is long. Its bow is 12' off the water and its stern only 2'. Picture available at www.image-ination.com/Image18.jpg.

We went to Beaufort last Thursday and had, thankfully, an uneventful trip. As usual we loved Beaufort and generally ate too much. We ran into our son-in-law's uncle, Tom Harper, there. He and his wife own a white house raised way up on Front Street. We were invited to dinner Saturday night, which was great, especially since my wife had been dying to see the inside. Truly spectacular!

Although we had not planned it so, our stay in Beaufort coincided with the Beaufort Music Festival. Bands and musicians were playing all over the place. Most "bad," let's see, hmm, I believe "The Frozen Shrimp." Some quite good like the one that featured a wooden pan flute. Loved it.

We left Beaufort on Sunday to head for Ocracoke Island near Cape Hatteras. We planned to lay over at Cedar Creek, a short, four-hour run from Beaufort, so we left shortly after lunch. We tend to anthropomorphize everything on the boat as in Denny Diesel, Arthur Autohelm, David Depth Finder, well, you get the idea. As we went under the Morehead City high bridge preparing to enter the twisting channel through the Newport River leading to the Core Creek cut, a very large tug pushing a huge barge pulled out in front of us. Normally this would not be a problem as they travel faster than we do but the laden tug stirred up the water for miles behind it and effectively lobotomized David, who insisted on telling us we were aground in 2.7' of water for the entire treacherous five-mile trip to the cut. We did not need that!

Oh well, all went well and arrived at Cedar Creek around 5pm to find a gaggle of snowbirds had already nested for the night. The anchoring area at Cedar Creek is quite large but nonetheless it was on the crowded side. The wind was blowing directly into the creek so I anchored upwind from my fellow travelers, that way if someone dragged I would not be a target of convenience. In the category of "best laid plans," at dusk there was a 180° wind shift and we were now down-

wind from all the boats. What really was upsetting is when I went outside to check the anchor because of the wind shift I saw only one other boater bother to check his anchor.

The next day was going to be a long open water passage to Ocracoke so we were concerned about the weather. In the category of "trusting God and man" we were happy to see a red sky at sunset as in, "Red Sky at Night, Sailors Delight," a quote taken almost word for word from the leading authority quoted in the Gospel of Saint Matthew (in translation, of course). He would not lie to us, right!

Oh, my shaken faith. The next morning we rose at 6am to prepare for the passage to Ocracoke. To confirm our good feelings from the night before's revelation we listened to the weather channel on the VHF. The forecast was for light and variable winds until late afternoon. So we departed with sure faith that there would be no difficulties ahead since we should be in at 1:30 in the afternoon. We did notice that of the eight or so sailboats that were anchored with us we were the first to leave, while of the same number of power boats only one was still anchored, the rest were on their way. I wonder what that tells me? Not sure I want to know.

Well, apparently this time of year late afternoon occurs at five minutes after noon because at that very time it was like someone turned on a giant wind machine. One minute before and we were motorsailing because the wind was too light to sail alone and one minute after we were struggling to get the sail down. In the before minute the water was ripples, in the minute after it turned into 3' waves. The winds were blowing 25 to 30 with higher gusts. I never saw conditions change so fast in my life. We were three miles from the Ocracoke channel and five miles from the Ocracoke harbor, Silver Lake, all of it into the wind.

We made it in by 1:30 as predicted but were faced with problem that the winds were out of the south and the public docks are on the north side of Silver Lake. Thus we had to dock with strong winds behind us. A bad situation under the best circumstances and this was not the best. There were no other boats at the dock whose crews could lend a hand and though the public docks charge as much as many commercial marinas, no one is around to catch a line or help fend off. We were on our own and we really needed more than four hands. Especially when two of them belong to someone whose major exercise is pushing the delete key on computer keyboard multiple times.

Our first attempt failed because the rope loop slipped off the knee-high pilings (and I have short knees). We did the sensible thing then, going around in circles in the harbor while people on the boats anchored in the harbor shouted advice, mostly, "use your anchor, don't try to dock." Well, being people who listen to advice we immediately tried to dock again. Neither of us know what happened next. Something went wrong when a large gust occurred. I did get a line around a piling, then there was a sharp crack and I was being pulled over the lifelines. All ended with me on the dock holding the line which was still on the piling. We were docked. We are still docked. We may stay docked forever. I repaired the damage to the rub rail in about an hour. All is well except for slightly damaged egos which have yet to be repaired.

The first weather window for leaving is Thursday. Right now we probably feel like taking the boat to shallow water, sinking it,

wading to shore, and taking the ferry home. But I am sure as time passes we will come to view it all as great fun and move out to other cruising grounds.

Great boat names we have seen on this trip: *Clairbouyant*, *Rough Draft*, *Water Color*, *Vintage Port*.

7:12:57am, Saturday, May 6, 2000:

We are at the top of the Pungo River at a great anchorage where we spent the night. We will leave shortly for the Little Alligator River and then, weather permitting, back to Edenton on Sunday. It has been a great trip.

A couple things I have not mentioned:

One reason we went to Beaufort is that for ten years we have been trying to find someone who could do a zero width end to end splice in a braided line (we have a single line under the deck jib furling system) and we heard such a person was in Beaufort. When we got there I asked around and I heard that yes, there was a rigger there that could do it and his name was... and I was dumbfounded. His name was Lars Bergstrom. That would be sort of like a Catholic going to a confessor only to meet the Pope. We have a B&R rig on our Hunter 33.5 and the B is for Bergstrom. Of course, I was even more amazed when I recalled that Lars Bergstrom died in an experimental airplane crash a couple years ago. It turns out that this Lars had been apprenticed to the original Lars for many years and was very good at his profession. BTW, it turns out that top of the line riggers get \$75 per hour and I spent all that time going to school to become a physicist?

After our disastrous landing at Ocracoke we ended up teed up at the end of the dock with the wind and waves beam on. Our intention was to work our way off the dock end and then tie up beside it but the wind was too high for the two of us to do it. The next day a man stopped by and said, "Captain, it is none of my business but wouldn't you be more comfortable if we moved you?" DUH! So, with his help and that from a couple off a Hans Christian 38 that was anchored out (the ones who told us not to dock) and yet a fourth volunteer, we moved to a bow on the wind. The wind was so strong that it really took all six of us. The man who orchestrated the move turned out to be named Warren and was off a 60' Maxi he built himself. The boats name was *Equaria* and had an 80' mast and drew 7'3"! He used a 150lb anchor he made himself based on the Bruce design. I went on board and was really impressed, he had a separate refrigerator and freezer made by himself, of course, each of which could contain two of me. The neatest thing is he taught me how to fasten a line to a piling without using any knots. Pretty cool!

5:37:22pm, Saturday, May 6, 2000: We made the trip to the Alligator Marina without misadventure. We decided to come here instead of anchoring out because of the temperatures in the 90s. We wanted to use the AC. Now that is cool! Something interesting did happen, though. Kay and I have always loved wolves. In fact, we went on our honeymoon to Isle Royale National Park (an island in Lake Superior) in an attempt to see the wolves there. We did not see them but later in the summer we did find ourselves in the middle of a pack in the Tamarac in Northern Minnesota. Quite a thrill. Well, as some of you know, the Alligator River Refuge houses an introduced population of the endangered red wolves. As we were coming through the alligator cut one swam across right in front of us. Another thrill!

Yesterday's passage from Ocracoke to the Pungo was something else. Leaving was the converse of arriving. It was so still that when I loosed all lines we just sat there. Pamlico Sound was like a mirror and aside from a few crabbers we were the only boat on it. Which turned out to be unfortunate. A Coast Guard boat pulled up behind us and told me that they wanted Kay and I to stand in the cockpit while a search team with a dog searched our boat and after that a safety team would board to do a safety inspection. To say the least we were surprised, I thought that the police, for example, could only search your car if they had probable cause. OK, I admit I had not shaved for two days so maybe we looked like 60-year-old desperados. But not the case, when they boarded I asked why we were picked out. The answer, "just routine."

The dog was thorough they even lifted it on the vee birth so it could stiff through our blankets. A bit intrusive, I thought, for a routine. Not to mention the dog's claw marks on our teak floor. Oh well, all in the interest of American Values. It is interesting to note that the CG boat was from Hobucken. Two weeks earlier we were through the Hobucken cut when a motor yacht snagged a cable in the cut less than a mile from the station. The boat could not get loose so they called the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard responded, "Do you have any friends or relatives nearby that could help you?" We assume that they were too busy tracking down nefarious Senior Citizens to actually help someone.

Well, the safety inspection that followed was really not a safety inspection. I did learn a couple of things, though. One unbeknownst to me but observed by Kay was that when they asked me to show them my life preservers they actually timed the time it took to get them. The regulations call for me to have them readily available. Kay said it took me 37 seconds. I evidently passed because I was not sent to the Principal's Office. Also, I learned that I did not need flares in Pamlico Sound. Now that was a surprise! Mostly the safety inspection consisted of inspecting the head which was a problem because we do not have a Y-valve but empty directly into the tank, from there to where, who knows? Clearly the inspector did not understand this perfectly legal system but passed us anyway.

The real controversy was over where I posted the placard about what I could throw overboard. The short of it is, the only things I could throw overboard are things with a hook attached to a monofilament line. We had posted the placard on the inside of the door that we open to deposit the trash. Seemed reasonable to me but not to them, it seems that it must be posted where it is the first thing anyone sees when they first board the boat. A centerpiece, so to speak.

To make matters worse Kay and I were enjoying our morning Heineken's when they boarded us and these protectors of the public safety did not like that, Lucky they did not know we ate red meat the night before. At one point prior to raising the subject of the beer they asked me apart from Kay if "anything happened to me could she find port?" Fortunately Kay did not hear this as a class one felony would have resulted. I assured them that she was the main pilot. Then the subject of the beer came up. I told him I had one. He asked how many Kay had? One! To which he said, "normally I would give you a field sobriety test but since she is at the helm I won't. Evidently women can drink more than men."

I know I am going to regret saying this but up until tomorrow, hopefully our last day, we have not run aground. A first for us on a cruise. I think I should also add that with only one exception the power boaters on the Intracoastal were extremely courteous to us in passing. The one real exception occurred today and was remarkably stupid. Approaching the Alligator swing bridge we were second in the line of three sailboats and trailing us was a powerboat. The bridge operator made it clear that she would open when all four boats were ready to go through.

For whatever reason the powerboat came roaring past us and in so doing rocked all severely. At which point he had to stop and wait 15 minutes for the rest of us to arrive. Kay and I, of course, discussed in general terms their genetical origins and anatomical high points. Strangely they went into the same marina as we did and ate at a table near us. They were extremely friendly and nice and were new to boating. They did not have a clue. We felt badly about our previous thoughts. A lesson learned.

Boat names, variations on a theme: *Wood Wind*, *Second Wind*. We also came across *Monday's Child* (their previous boat which they traded in on *Monday's Child* was *Come Monday*, cute). Anyway it goes with the previously acquired *Thursday's Child* and *Friday's Child*. One thing I am sure of is that we will never see a *Wednesday's Child*. Well maybe not, we did come across a *Bottoms Up*. Now that is tempting fate.

7:02:08am, Monday, May 8, 2000:

Not much to say, we made it back to Edenton yesterday without misadventure of any kind. Darn! In three days we crossed two Sounds (Pamlico and Albemarle) and covered the lengths of two rivers (Pungo and Alligator). We are glad to be back but a little sad about ending our trip. Saturday night we met a man singlehanded his Bristol 30 from Florida to Massachusetts. We told him about our day's adventures and he told us that the Coast Guard certainly did not think we were smuggling drugs on a 33' sailboat midday in Pamlico Sound but rather they were looking for end users so they could confiscate the boat.

I certainly hope he is wrong and prefer my son's explanation, "They were bored." However, the same man told us that we were lucky, he also had a run-in with the Coast Guard and they were threatening to fine him \$25,000 for not having the "Save Our Seas" placard posted prominently. He has since so posted it and taken a picture of it in place and sent it to the Guard with the hope of avoiding some or all of the fine.

He also told of an interesting place to go when we go up to the Chesapeake. Apparently before the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel was built a ferry ran to the eastern shore where a harbor was constructed for it by using Sunk-en Liberty Ships. The ferry is, of course, gone but the harbor remains. Sounds interesting, if true, we will have to look into it.

Closing Thoughts: Two of the three marinas we stayed at had cable TV available at the slip as a freebee. We had not seen that before. I first noticed it at the Oriental Marina but ignored it. When we docked at Beaufort the dockhand who helped us pointed out the cable connection as well as, as usual, the electrical connection. I asked what I needed to connect to it and received a look as if I had asked the name of the country we were currently in. The answer, "You don't need 30 years of education to know that you need a

cable cable, dummy." Well, he did not add the last word but he definitely thought it. Being a quick learner I hiked to the nearest hardware store and purchased 50' of "cable cable" and, by golly, we had cable TV. My wife views this as degenerate at best. But I am happy not to miss watching my episodes of "Northern Exposure" for the sixth time.

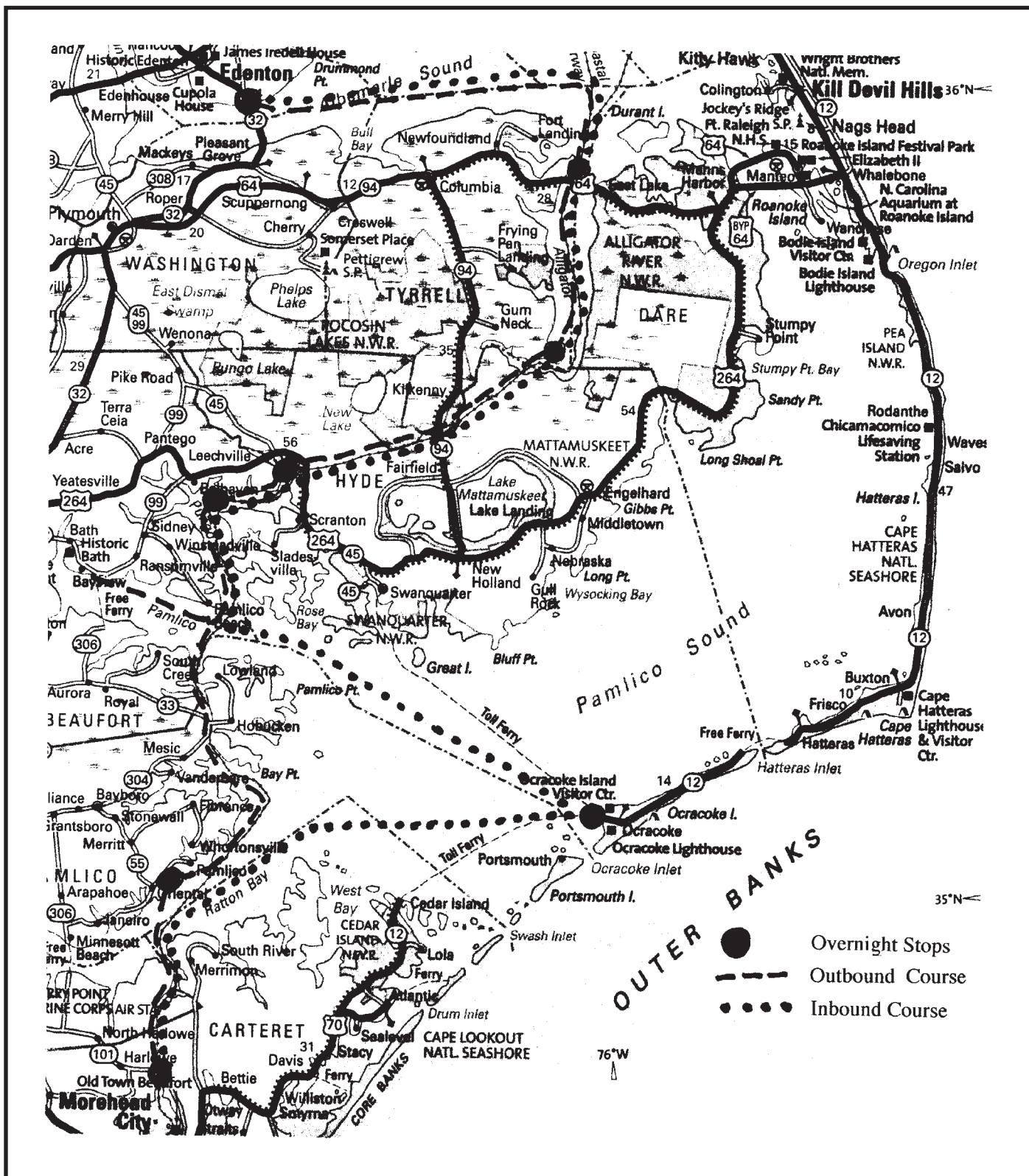
In our entire cruising life we have previously seen only one dismasted boat, on this trip five or six all in and around Beaufort. One of them, a huge boat with the remains of

a carbon fiber mast standing, as if in shame, had www.livingclassrooms.org stenciled on its boom. A lesson learned I suspect. To make matters worse for someone like me, paranoid about losing our mast, our Saturday night visitor from the Bristol told us that he had lost his mast earlier this year when the swage fittings on his port side failed in 20 knots of wind. He said he heard a pop, pop, pop and then his mast started to corkscrew. Argh!

MacGregor makes inexpensive but innovative sailboats. A few years ago they

brought out the 26x. A water ballasted sailboat that is also a planing motorboat with speeds capable of 25 knots under power. Two years ago we saw one in Beaufort and talked to its owner. He told us that he got strange looks when he passed people with his sailboat while pulling water skiers. I'll bet! On this trip we saw five on the Intracoastal water way. I guess they are a hit even if they look a little strange.

(To Be Continued)



Introduction

The following text has been edited from the blog that I maintained from April to November 2006. It recounts the genesis, planning, anticipation, training, performance, and reflection of my row from Troy, New York, to Baltimore, Maryland, in the summer of 2006.

What you might think of as being a too breezy, faux-elaborate writing style might get in the way at times, at others I think it lends a certain plucky grandeur to a trip which lacked it. It wasn't until I compiled the writing into a single document that it seemed that there might be enough here to warrant an anthology if, indeed, there is. If I had aspired to write a book about this adventure, I would have. As you will see, I didn't.

The story is presented in chronological order, starting with the first blog entry on April 12, 2006. A kind of void further along in my narrative represents the trip itself, a few pictures, terse reports, and even a palpable tension as I periodically phoned in that I wasn't exactly sure of my whereabouts or that I was proceeding at night.

Finally, a thought on the creative process. I frequently found myself torn between staying singularly focused on the row itself and occasionally riffing on issues near and dear to me; the environment, kindness to strangers, my profession, the contemporary culture, and friendship. Alas, you will find my forays into the latter to be infrequent and, when they occur, superficial which in retrospect I find disappointing, 110 hours in a rowboat can, indeed, spawn wide-ranging contemplation. Consequently, this is no Bill Bryson travelogue nor is it an adventure brimming with the detail and drama of, let's say, Krakauer's *Into Thin Air*. It's simply me, writing off the cuff as the spirit moved me at the time, usually at the end of a long day.

"So what is here?" you may rightfully ask. It's a mixed bag tendered to a mixed audience. I wrote to reflect, however superficially, about an impending adventure that seemed, in the planning, beyond my capabilities... and, I suppose, to periodically audit my own sanity and resolve. I wrote to thank those who encouraged me to try. I wrote to frequently thank those who generously contributed to the fund raising that this adventure spawned. And finally, I wrote for me, so that years from now I might have something tangible with which to summon a fond memory of a wonderful summer adventure.

Getting Ready

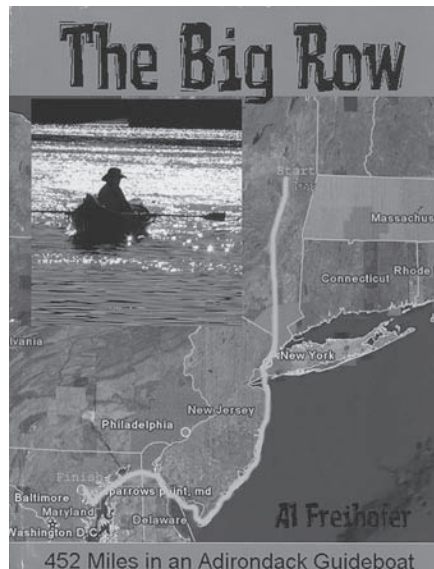
I'm going for a long row, 450 miles more or less, to be exact. The why and how, I suspect, reveal themselves as I engage in this Journal. And yes, I hope to raise some money in doing it, even though that's not the reason for this escapade. Let's get the money thing behind us right now, shall we? I was asking for pledges... pennies (or dollars, from those feeling particularly flush) per mile. Tumble the numbers and you will find that a penny a mile adds up to \$4.50 in the event that I make it all the way. Two pennies, \$9.00, three, \$13.50... you get the idea.

And where will these derriere-killing proceeds go? Boys' Latin, where I teach and learn, faces the challenge, as do so many independent schools, of running out of financial aid resources before it runs out of committed, qualified, and needy candidates. The kids I teach are terrific and financial aid is the magic that places and retains many of them in my classroom. I want to keep them there

The Big Row

452 Miles in an Adirondack Guideboat

By Al Freihofer



and, through attempting this journey, foster in them an interest in giving to others... others who they do not yet know or may never know. So the long and short of it is that I can think of no better cause to motivate me to row that extra mile than to help these fine fellows pursue the best education that they can find and afford.

Making this row has been a burr under my saddle for some time now. Born in Troy, New York, working in Baltimore, Maryland... sort of a "Birthplace to Workplace" thing, even though that doesn't really sing, it's a trip that screams to be made. My vessel of choice is my Adirondack Guideboat. It's a sweetheart; stable under load, easy to sustain a 4kt pace, a natural tent when inverted.

Without question I'm the weak link in the plan. I'll be 55 plus a day when I depart and I'll need to be in a state of fitness materially better than that manifested by the too-sedentary lump which I am at this original conception. A painful future topic for the Journal perhaps? While I've begun to address "tuning the engine," at this moment it's feeling more like a major overhaul will be in the works. It's like when the mechanic looks at you and says, "We may have to keep it here overnight." Sigh. Yes, more on physical preparation in a future Journal entry.

Strangely, or perhaps delusionally, the mental prep seems to be going well. I'm not a serious believer in the "paint a positive mental image and it will happen" school of thought. Yet in my mind's eye I've already rowed each leg of this trip many times with boyish enthusiasm and a plucky spirit that bodes well for success. I don't think that at this point I'm naively enthusiastic, my longest single day row to-date is a 58-mile day, a day which, I confess, left my posterior in a state of paralysis. A calculus of distance and time suggests that I'll have to string 15 30-mile days together to finish this trip in about two weeks. That's 15 days, day after day with no hot showers, no deep fat, and no

hot fudge. Nonetheless, with proper prep and training, patience, a recognition that I will most likely have some 15-mile days when the wind and/or current are on the nose and maybe some 40+ mile days when everything is jake, with a dollop of luck and a bucket of Absorbine Junior, it just might be possible.

Monday, April 17, 2006: It Begins

It has begun and the day after my birthday I'll have to start something to somewhere. My techno-maven, Kathy, the most kind and capable lady who created my site, has put up some links to greater, more ambitious rows. It immediately got me to thinking, what's with this title, "The Big Row," anyway? A bit pretentious, I think... and so, I fear, might you.

Next to the voyages of these intrepid women, my row is like a walk down to the 7-11 for a Yoo Hoo (a practice that will have to stop soon). So please understand, no hubris here. This title is only appropriate when one considers the marginal capabilities of the oarsman, for me this is indeed a big row and I do not mean to pillory, usurp, or malign the more prodigious efforts of others.

I just finished reading *Rowing to Latitude* by Jill Fredston. Jill, a (much younger) Dartmouth grad, writes of her and her husband's adventures while rowing the coastlines of virtually every land mass north of 50 degrees latitude. Her adventures make my "big row" look like going out for pizza. For example, I worry about wind... she worried about bear attacks. I'll try to avoid river and harbor traffic... she dodged icebergs and orcas. If you pulled any other slightly overweight former bakery executive food guy, now eighth grade English teacher, off the street and compelled him to do this, he'll likely exclaim, "Why, that's a big row."

I did start training more earnestly last week. The fitness center around the corner has equipment which seems to pretty well stimulate the muscles I'll be destroying during my trip. Sadly, the devices are usually manned by statuesque young people who operate them effortlessly, hour after hour. I'll start going late and I promise I'll walk by the 7-11 with resolve.

Sunday, April 23, 2006: Charts and Maps

The "I'm Pulling With Mr Frei" buttons are in. Good news indeed, yet perhaps not as exciting as the fact that without much of a push (or buttons of gratitude) generous donors have already pledged enough for a \$2,015 donation to the Boys' Latin Financial Aid bucket provided, of course, that I make it to Baltimore.

This was a momentous week for planning. I set out to procure charts adequate for the task of strategizing the trip. The Li'l Magellan in me had thought that if I just kept the ocean to my right and land to my left after I hit New York City (remember, I'm rowing facing backwards), all would be well. I would then simply have to stay vigilant after two weeks or so to the approaching Charm City skyline, then badda bing, badda boom, champagne.

Not so. My initial planning has been done using a Best Western Road Atlas and a ruler... fine for rough distances and dreaming, not helpful for reality checks. An initial perusal of my new nautical charts reveals two particularly challenging stretches. First,

after getting past New York Harbor, there's a 30-mile-or-so unprotected stretch of Jersey Shore to contend with before I can get "inside" on the Intracoastal Waterway. With calm, or pushed by a gentle NE breeze, it might be a cakewalk. Any other conditions will present challenges that will likely compel me to wait it out. In Jersey.

The other daunting body of water looks to be Delaware Bay, it took up the whole kitchen table so imagine how big it will look in real life. I've got a 70-mile up-current pull from Cape May to the Chesapeake Canal. The weather will be a real driver on this leg as well and a delay will camp me out amid Jersey's storied chemical plants, a bucolic nuclear facility, and a paucity of options. Hey, it's for the kids.

Yet by the time I get to Delaware Bay my guess is that the calluses will be cauterized, my posterior anesthetized, my brain deep fried... and the pull of being so close to home will be strong.

So I've rolled the charts up for now, or at least until my workout regimen gives me more cause for confidence. Laying them all out at once is a sobering vision and I may well be psychologically better off if I approach this thing, for now, as a series of delightful, sun-drenched day-trips.

Right.

Sunday April 30: Gotta Start

Tomorrow is May 1. It's time I started to get into training. Up to now I've talked a good game but the truth is that by the time I get home after my day with my students I'm pretty bushed. I almost always find something less intense than training to see my way to bedtime; grading papers, rearranging the sock drawer, reading, waiting for Brian's next snow report from Mamouth... May 5 marks three months until the launch and, frankly, I've been tempted to buy into the notion that some supporters have offered, that I will get in shape "on the way" to Baltimore. Now I'm a glass-is-half-full kind of guy but even I can see the fallacy of this notion. It's akin to training for a Tyson fight thinking that if I make it to the third round, I'll find my rhythm.

Mike wouldn't wait that long, nor will my itinerary. So "starting tomorrow..."

My students and I are currently reading *The Merchant of Venice* and I am reminded of Portia's lament to her servant, Nerissa, as she says, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels would be churches, and poor mens' cottages princes' palaces." Of course, the eighth grade translation is, "Easier said than done." I know I have to start, it's just hard getting started.

Today I drove over the Severn River Bridge on my way to/from Annapolis. While the Severn is south of my travel route (unless I'm feeling saucy on August 25 or so and want to keep going) I'm struck by how I now look at bodies of water with the question, "How's the water for rowing?" As I slowed on the bridge I saw that it was perfect; a gentle northerly breeze, a very moderate chop, brilliant sunshine. It was so nice, in fact, that I only returned from my reverie when jarred by the horn, flashing lights, and massive grill of the Lincoln Navigator seemingly in the back seat of my Mini. Sheesh. It's not like I was on a cell phone or something or practicing the mandolin. But that's another story for another time.

I train. Honest.



Tuesday, May 2, 2006: Almost Over

It is worth noting that we have cleared the \$3,000 mark in pledges which, you will remember, go to the Financial Aid budget of the Boys' Latin School.

My journey was almost cut tragically short today, three months before it will begin. One of my duties as an eighth grade English teacher (under the "other duties as assigned" fine print of my contract) is to help with the end-of-day car pool at school. Picture a phalanx of autos (a high proportion of them SUVs) heading up the hill to our school, driven by anxious moms and dads on tight schedules, many with the ubiquitous cell phone affixed to their ears, jockeying for an advantageous position from which to snatch their sons from our care. It's great fun, actually, and I'm always amazed at the grace and consideration which most of the contestants show for one another and for the hapless faculty members who masquerade as traffic directors. It imbues in us a false sense of vehicular authority, dressed as we are in our natty end-of-day athletic garb and wielding pedagogical responsibilities for their sons.

Today I made the nearly-fatal mistake of assuming that the halo effect of successful car pool management at school could transfer to the mini-mall at the bottom of our hill where I often pick up an early evening latte (aka a sedative). As I was approaching my car which was parked on the far side of the parking lot, an imposing SUV (Lincoln Navigator? Ford Expedition? Escalade? Whatever, the ground shook...) headed for me at a pretty good clip. Trapped awkwardly in the middle of the thoroughfare I casually raised my hand in a smilingly submissive request for a stay of execution, a gesture that works magic in the BL carpool, only to discover that my appeal had a Bizarro World effect. The SUV charged on, accelerating, it seemed, and I stepped briskly out of the way, safe by scant inches. The SUV shot past me, the faceless drone offering me her own winsome "gesticulation" as she rumbled by.

I'm being overly dramatic, to be sure, but crimminy, this thing could be over in a heartbeat.

(To Be Continued)

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In October 1868, by appointment, two Members of the Canoe Club met at the Charging Cross Hotel and arranged to start the following day for a trip down the Thames in their respective canoes, the *Raleigh* (centre board) and the *Rainbow* (false keel), the former having been built for the owner of the *Silver Star* as an experiment.

The next day we were rattling away by rail, bound for Woolwich with the canoes comfortably packed on a truck and, as this was to be the launching place, the two boats were taken off the truck and hoisted on a cab with one Canoeist between to keep them steady while the other, with "cabby," walked alongside keeping an eye upon them. The tide was ebbing rapidly and amidst a noise and clamour caused by the arrival of the canoes and produced by the throats of 20 or more ragged urchins, we got in and pushed off.

It was then getting dusk and we had not been on the river long before the ships at anchor began to show their head lights, a sign of the rapidly approaching darkness. An excitement to us was created by a cutter which was tacking down the river, first her port and then her starboard light was shown as she went about, but we soon caught and passed her and, as we had no light, had to keep a sharp lookout to prevent being run down.

There was something so grand in gliding noiselessly down the majestic stream when all was hushed by the approaching night and only faint yellow streaks of light remained on the horizon, marking the spot where the sun had set, and paddling swiftly along until Erith was reached. We hauled up our canoes on the pier, took out our luggage, and set off into the town in search of an hotel. On the way we met a mutual friend and brother member with whom we spent a pleasant evening and with whom we had arranged to be up and off in the morning before 5 o'clock.

We had engaged the coast guardsman on duty to call us at half-past four and, true to his promise, he did so, when we turned out and were soon busy arranging our canoes for launching by a light of the lantern carried at the head of the *Rainbow*. Our friend did not come and, as time and tide wait for no man, we wrote on a card and put it in his canoe which lay ready on the pier, the time we started, hoping he would come after us, and pushed off soon after 5 o'clock on a very unpromising morning. It soon began to rain and as the light came so came the wind and it was so disobliging as to blow right in our teeth, which put sailing out of the question and made paddling rather hard work.

The *Rainbow*, being the smaller boat, soon drew ahead of the *Raleigh* which had to run ashore to unstep her mast and sails as the wind caught them so much. Soon after this, however, I set sail and bowled along until I luffed up and lay to behind a small schooner to await the *Raleigh*, which was then taken in tow, and away we went soon reaching Gravesend. Here, of all the queer berths for canoes, they had the queerest for as the tide was nearly out they had to be hauled up a perpendicular wall about 20' high by the aid of a ladder and were then stowed away in a coal store, but though the men who assisted us were black, they handled the little boats very tenderly.

We went to the hotel and discussed a good hearty breakfast and afterwards took a stroll until the tide changed. Rain and wind was now the prevailing order so we donned our macintoshes and sou'westers, launched the canoes (after swilling the coal dust from

A Canoe Ramble on the Thames and Medway

By "Rainbow"

Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*

The Journal of the

Historic Canoe & Kayak Association (GB)

their decks), and made ourselves snug for a rough bit of work down the river as we purposed going about two miles on the Thames, and then to turn in the Thames and Medway Canal, and so get to Rochester. We fought hard against the wind which was dead ahead and so strong that large cutters were close reefed, the river was very rough and lumpy, but our little boats behaved splendidly and as we had the tide in our favour we made fair progress.

The locks at the entrance of the canal were soon reached and I took my canoe through them with a barge which happened to be entering while my friend preferred getting out and pulling his overland and putting her into the canal basin. We took tickets (a charge of two shillings each, being made for our "wee crafties") and set out upon as dreary and uninteresting a piece of canal as can well be imagined. After about five miles being quickly passed over we reached Higham where we were to stay for the night.

We landed and the canoes were hauled up a steep and slippery bank by the painters and with the assistance of a man who saw us land. We trotted off to an inn with them and stowed them away in an outhouse amid much cackling and noise from a lot of fowls, etc, upon whose domains we trespassed. We shook ourselves and got out of our macintoshes and sou'westers when the host, a real good fellow, came in with some steaming hot tea and ham to which we did such justice as might fairly be expected from two hungry Canoeists, and the evening was spent with cigars and grog after which we retired, having spent a whole day out of doors in an incessant straight-down rain, and I think we may take to ourselves the credit of having been throughout the day like Mark Tapley, "jolly," under circumstances which even he would have thought creditable.

In the morning we found the weather most lovely and that our host had chartered a kind of spring van which conveyed us and our canoes to Rochester where, when the tide permitted, we were to launch our little crafts and proceed down the Medway to Sheerness. Until the tide turned we strolled through some of the dockyards and also had a look out for our friend, who we thought still might put in appearance but, however, we did not see him.

We soon got afloat and as we had a light wind in our favour and plenty of time before us, we set sail and luxuriated in sherry and cigars. It was highly amusing to see the bargees' faces as we passed them, some were pictures of blank astonishment while others were amused and ventured to express their opinion in good round terms. We sailed on gaily among the numerous islands which here stud the river until we found ourselves at a loss to know which was the right channel, but with the assistance of a map and compass we were enabled to steer correctly.

Right away in the distance a huge mass came gradually in view which we at first took for a fort and for some time could not make out what it really was, even with a field glass, but as we neared it, it turned out to be the "Bermuda floating dock" anchored at Queensboro so we decided to paddle to it next day and, if possible, spend an hour or two in examining it. Dropping down with the tide was a lot of craft of various sorts and we pulled up to one large sailing barge and boarded her, but as we could not tow the prize into port we left her and her good-natured skipper to pursue their way in peace.

The wind, which had been gradually dropping, now fell to a dead calm so we had to furl our sails and paddle the remainder of the distance. Pulling along quickly among the old hulks, whose glory is now departed, Sheerness was soon reached. We came to the pier and got out to walk to the inn while the canoes were carried up by some men who had been on the lookout for us to land.

The next morning, as arranged, we were to visit the Bermuda dock and, as the day was beautifully fine, we decided to buy a temporary Cuisine as neither of us had brought ours, and camp out for the day. This was not difficult, for with some little ingenuity, we fixed one up for the exact sum of 11 pence half-penny, three penny worth of methylated spirits included. We have not yet patented it so it is open to any other member of the Canoe Club and the original is now in the possession of the owner of the *Raleigh*.

Coffee, bread, meat, fruit, and sherry were duly stowed away in the two canoes and off we went, paddling along among the old "Wooden Walls of England" to the amusement of the soldiers and sailors and, after a very pleasant paddle, arrived at the floating dock. Hauling our canoes in the dock, which was fortunately large enough to take in both at once, we were conducted over the whole of this gigantic structure by the chief engineer. It was very interesting indeed but our little crafts seemed as wonderful to the workmen as their vast production did to us, and after seeing it all and thanking our cicerone we got in and pushed off again.

In coming we had noticed a little bay which looked like a good landing place, but before landing I could not resist a short sail as there was a good breeze, so stood straight out for open water and then, after tacking about for sometime, made for the shore and landed. We hauled the canoes up high and dry while the mainsail of the *Rainbow* was set to form a sunshade, a barricade was made of floor boards, hatchets, etc, and in the lee of this we set up our Cuisine. After dinner, fruit, wine, and cigars were brought out and we lay down full length in our canoes 'til time warned us to be off, but when we came to launch them we had to drag them about 150 to 200 yards over soft marshy grass for the tide had left us while we had been making merry.

We sailed back gaily to the pier and, as usual, were received by the juvenile population of Sheerness and the procession, headed by the two canoes carried in state, marched off to the inn. A report that the *Great Eastern* was expected induced us to stay here longer than we intended as we might have rendered some assistance in towing her into the Medway, but as she did not come we amused ourselves by taking cruises in the river.

One day, the last we were to stay at Sheerness, a strong wind was blowing so

we were soon afloat and dashing along under as much canvas as we dare carry, and here the canoe asserted her superiority over open boats of double or treble her own size for nearly every one of them kept shipping water as the waves broke over them. True, they broke over me but they made little or no difference as they soon ran off the smooth arched deck, and with my macintosh and waterproof apron pulled round me I was kept quite dry and not a drop got into the canoe. As wave after wave came rolling on the good little craft would rise like a cork and ride safely over them, and only now and then a thin wave or the crest of one would come "souse" down on to the deck, giving me a good sprinkling of salt water.

Further, in a well-built canoe, the weight is brought down so low as to be below the water line, thereby rendering an upset very unlikely except as a piece of carelessness or inexperience on the part of the canoeist. Put a bad rider on a spirited horse and the chances are he will soon tumble off, but that is no reason why a good rider should not get on the same horse and enjoy himself without fear of a fall. So it is with a canoe. A little practice and care will render the canoeist safe almost anywhere he might wish to venture. The little book published by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution should be in the cabin of every sea-going canoe as the instructions there given on the management of small boats in heavy seas are excellent and on this occasion, as on many former ones, they were tried by the *Rainbow* and found to be correct and safe.

This was our last sail for the same evening the canoes were unceremoniously degraded to a cattle truck which, however, brought them safely to Blackfriars' station where they separated, the *Rainbow* to go away on a cab while the *Raleigh* had to pay two pence for a night's anchorage in the cloak room. The Canoeists met again the next day and after spending some time in examining various cuisines, anchors, and other canoe tackle, bade each other adieu with the mutual wish to have another "Canoe ramble" together some future time.

Editor Tony Ford Comments: The above story is one of a number acquired over the past few months. A gem of Victorian canoeing, the publication is hard-bound with a cloth cover and consists of just eight pages. A mistake has occurred on printing the cover as the title here is "Cruise-Ramble on the Thames & Medway 1868." As a final aside it would be interesting to read "The little book published by the RNLI" on safety referred to on the final page and which should be in the cabin of every sea-going canoe.

Editor Comments: Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact: Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St Andreasberg, Germany, tel: +49-5582 619, email: tford@web.de

From a Rangeley Lakes Boat

By Gunnar Seigh

In 2003, attracted by the history and beauty of the Rideau Canal in Canada, I set forth from my home in the Hudson Valley, boat in tow, and headed for Canada. I appointed my dog Basil ambassador of good will in the event the Canadians still harbored resentment over our failed attempt to welcome them into the Union in 1812. The Canadians were unappreciative of our gesture and had declined our offer. When afterward they learned of our plan to blockade the St Lawrence, they commenced building the Rideau Canal to ensure they had an alternate route from Montreal to Kingston. In 2007 the Rideau Canal was designated to be a World Heritage site by UNESCO.

The canal to this day is operated using the original man-powered equipment to open and close sluices and gates. Chains clank as they are wound by each man turning an iron wheel to open a sluice gate. If one has the good fortune to be locking through on a boat the water around the boat will begin to boil, providing an amusing sensation that feels like a carnival ride but with none of the danger of vomiting. Power boaters must cut their engines and leave their bilge blowers on during this time so the thrill isn't complimented with an explosion.

Looking at the massive stone blocks that are the walls of each lock one can't begin to imagine the hardship that befell the workers who built the canals. During the construction of the canal, from 1827 to 1832, over 1,000 men lost their lives. There would appear to be nothing unusual about that given the enormity of the task, but over 500 of these deaths were from malaria. That's right, malaria.

There were other hazards as well. In 1828 John McTaggart, who had been doing survey work on the canal, returned home to England due to illness, probably had scrofula and crumple disease, English palsy. Anyway, in his memoirs titled *Three Years in Canada* there is a passage in which he describes the hardships of the laborers:

"On the public works I was often extremely mortified to observe the poor, ignorant, and careless creatures running themselves into places where they either lost their lives or got themselves so hurt as to be useless ever after. At blasting sites many were blasted to pieces by their own shots,

others killed by stones falling on them. I have seen heads, arms and legs blown about in all directions."

I found no evidence of arms, legs, or otherwise but perhaps I was not looking in the right places. Occasionally college students rent a houseboat and turn it into a floating frat party. One time I was standing alongside a lock as one such boat descended. In a sort of slow motion display I watched the boat drop, revealing more and more of the upper portions until my perspective was one of looking down upon the roof. There were a number of arms, legs, and thighs, firm and enticing, glistening with suntan lotion. I shall include much more about this in my memoirs. Judging from the faces of the men operating the locks they were enduring no hardship. If all day long, boat after boat offered a similar display, I could see how they might, though.

By now you might be asking yourself, "Why should I be interested in this shiftless bohemian's lifestyle?" Because perhaps you hunger for bold adventures of derring do!

To illustrate my point, I will be dodging houseboats piloted by renters who have never operated a boat in their lives. I cannot downplay this risk. In 2003, before the season was in full swing, I watched from the pilothouse of the *Kiwartha Voyageur* as a houseboat bounced off my tied-up boat, taking with it an attached oar lock.

A law has since been passed requiring all operators to pass an exam and obtain a license. Chimpanzees are forbidden from obtaining a license. The rental boat industry (a huge business with a powerful lobby) saw what a negative impact this would have on their income and had a small loophole created. One could obtain a temporary license after watching a 20-minute video and chimpanzees would not be excluded. Bear in mind that a houseboat is a house that not only floats but moves along at a smart pace. It also doesn't have brakes. If you have ever experienced the sensation of wind buffeting against the side of your car and were alarmed at the effect, remember this, your rubber tires were largely responsible for your not taking a brief foray into the woods. Need I say more?

Perhaps readers might prefer stories of adventure in far off and exotic lands. That's just too bad. Canada will have to do. Let them experience the wonders of the Canal before this or some future administration erects a wall between here and Canada to stem the tide of illegal immigration.

(To Be Continued)

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Once the sea has gotten into your blood there's no getting it out. No matter how long you're exiled to the beach, it just takes a whiff of salt air, the sight of a few sails on the horizon, the luxurious smell of mud banks at low tide, and mentally you're back on the water again as if you'd never left it.

When it seemed to me as if I were to be on the beach forever and was to be allowed only a short reprieve by an occasional weekend or vacation trip to the sea, Fate intervened. My company needed someone to start up a plant in Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, the international mecca of yachting, and I fortunately had been selected. Once overseas a major part of my orientation program in July included the purchase of a 26' Bermuda sloop already in the water with a bonafide IOR racing certificate that just needed to have the owner's name changed.

What do you do under those circumstances? Why you enter Cowes Race Week Regattas, of course! This you do regardless of the cobwebs that had collected over what you used to know about skippering a racing boat or how little you were acquainted with your new boat and the local trying conditions and whether or not you had sufficient crew to challenge the international "professionals" on their local waters. You've just waited so long for this opportunity you could taste it and you didn't want the situation confused by the obvious facts.

Oh, don't get me completely wrong. We had been sailing out and around the local waters for a few weekends getting the lay of the land, so to speak. I had also acquired a book with all the English racing rules and regulations issued prior to the regatta. So with me as skipper and my wife as the only crew, I felt we were as ready for Cowes Week as we ever would be. To my wife and our English sailing acquaintances I had played the whole racing thing on a low key. Yes, we were entered in Cowes Week. Yes, all nine races. No, we didn't expect to win anything, just wanted to get around all the buoys.

Saturday, August 3, 1973, dawned fine and clear. The first race was for the Queen's Cup, a mug donated by the Royal Yacht Squadron, sponsor of the affair. I was buoyant and full of confidence, my wife apprehensive, and since her job was alone on the foredeck, I can't now much blame her. We started well enough in the middle of the fleet. Nothing badly wrong or out of whack so far. Because we were one of the smaller boats in our handicap division we couldn't expect to do well boat for boat. As we reached our second turning marker of the course, the East Lepe buoy off the Beaulieu River, we were in a surprisingly good position fleetwise. Even my wife's apprehension had disappeared, although the soreness in her hands from handling the genoa sheets while short tacking had not.

I, meantime, had gotten rather feisty. I had even called a local for a port tack violation a few yards from the marker! The next leg was a long run downwind past Cowes and down to Mother Bank off the town of Ryde on the Island side of the Solent. A little of my wife's apprehension returned when I said in a very professional and authoritative way, "Rig for spinnaker." She cautiously moved to the foredeck. Because of our lack of local knowledge we failed to understand that the 8-10kt southwesterly breeze that had backed a little further south marked the start of a stronger afternoon sea breeze. As a re-

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 7

The Queen's Cup Race

By Lionel Taylor

sult, from the former "steady as a rock" condition our boat's foredeck became more like an amusement park's trampoline. "Don't you want the genoa pulled down first?" my wife called from her insecure perch, hoping for a reprieve from the heeling, lurching deck.

By this time I had forgotten my previous commitment of "just trying to get around the buoys" and by now thought I'd be able to lick 'em all for the glory of the Stars and Stripes. "No," I replied in typical Captain Bligh fashion. "We'll lose too many places while we get the spinnaker up. We've had no experience setting the big chute." There was no reply and by the way my wife set her jaw I knew all my wife's caution had returned and then some. Who could blame her. "Let's do it." I sounded like Captain Bligh with constipation now.

Two boats had already gone by us. Finally, after a few more boats had passed by, my wife called back, "Are you ready? I'm going to take the spinnaker halyard up."

"Of course I'm ready," I lied, hurrying to clear the spinnaker sheet from the cleat on the leeward side of the boat (oh, if I'd only forgotten, I thought later). My wife moved slowly back off the foredeck to her position by the mast. "Going up," she said through clenched teeth.

"OK, OK," I replied impatiently to myself as I watched another competitor slide by, his chute bulging like Sofia Loren's silk blouse. My lascivious reflections were interrupted simultaneously by a sudden lurch in the boat's angle of heel and my crew saying, "Sorry, but she won't go up any higher."

"What do you mean she won't go up any higher?" I shouted while hanging on to the tiller for dear life. "Get the halyard on the winch and get her up there." The "stopped" spinnaker had broken out in the meantime and had filled with wind. From halfway up the sail did nothing but make us heel even more and was trying to submarine the boat. The rudder was almost out of the water and therefore I had no control of the boat.

Somehow, amidst all of this chaos my crew had managed to get the spinnaker halyard around the mast winch and with the handle in place was trying to crank the sail up the mast. With a look that I've seen on her face similar to when one of our children had a childhood accident, she called back, "I can't budge it!"

"Well, get it down then," I called, the Captain Bligh tone in my voice now was mixed with a flavor of Casper Milquetoast. I'd obviously wanted no more of this race for the Queen's Cup, win, lose, or draw.

"I can't get it down either. It won't go either way. It's jammed," my wife replied. Our course was now directly across the wind,

heeled at a considerable angle, the spinnaker flying way out in front of the boat, in fact, touching the water with everyone just hanging on for dear life. Just at that moment I happened to look over the high, windward side of the boat straight into the panic-stricken eyes of a female crew member of a non-racing yacht alongside that had been doing everything but growing wings to get out of our rapidly drifting path.

"Make the spinnaker a flag." I was now shouting phrases I'd memorized from books I'd read because I couldn't think of anything better to do.

"You've got the sheet, darling." My wife's coolness was now revealing that the skipper might have panicked.

"I can't let the sheet in or out either." My crew leered as I realized that I had not long ago criticized her for making that same type of remark about the spinnaker. By this time the distant lee shore was growing uncomfortably close. Besides, I couldn't hang on to the straining tiller much longer.

In the meantime, my wife (bless her) had been calmly (I don't know how!) thinking the situation out. "I'm going to get the jib down," she replied without asking the skipper's permission. It was obvious who had taken control of the vessel. Calmly she moved to the mast with the halyard in her hand and inch by inch lowered the smaller sail to the foredeck. Instantly the sail problem became apparent. The spinnaker sheet, which I had let run at the beginning of the hoist, had wrapped itself several times around the knob of the safety stanchion. In this condition the sheet could not run nor could the spinnaker be raised or lowered.

Once we saw what had happened the sail was soon on deck and our mad rush to leeward had been stopped just in time. We were both shaken and exhausted. The race had long since been forgotten. In fact, there was nothing to be seen of the fleet. They had long since disappeared over the horizon. "Let's go home," I said meekly, not sounding in the least like the Captain Bligh character I had been previously. As we headed a much more sedate lady toward Cowes and home my never say die spirit returned. I recalled that the best thing for an airplane pilot or race car driver to do after a crash was to get back in the cockpit of another before he loses his nerve and drive before he could never drive again.

"Fay," I said with a new calm authority, "we're going home but we're going home under the spinnaker. Let's prove to ourselves that it's not going to lick us." I'm sure my crew realized that the way I said what I'd said there was no sense arguing the decision. So, without a reply, my wife started all over again to rig for spinnaker. As always happens under circumstances like this the difficult sail was set easily and efficiently without any of the previous problems. With our racing pennant lowered and being careful to cross around the outboard end of the course finish line that was in our path, we serenely sailed to our mooring.

As we returned to the harbor we could see some of the racing fleet sailing upwind for the finish line. "Don't forget to report our retirement to the race committee." My wife had read the racing rules, too.

"I've got 'til 7:30 tonight. Plenty of time," I replied. It was almost 7:15 when I actually called Cowes Race Week Control from home where I correctly reported my retirement from the race to a sweet-voiced young, volunteer worker.

It was almost two years later, just prior to my return to the States, that I got the full report from our racing friends of what had actually happened the day of that race. Through an apparent vision error, the Race Committee reported us as officially having finished, despite the fact that we hadn't crossed the finish line and had correctly lowered our racing pennant to indicate we had retired from the event. Because we had sailed only half the course our corrected (no less, elapsed) time couldn't be beaten by any boat. We were, un-

til I signed my declaration, the winner of the Queen's Cup! I was told later that the results even made the Sunday morning Sport's Section of the *New York Times*!

I can only imagine the extreme consternation our win created among the local yachtsmen. I can only report some of the comments reported back to me two years later after they had read the results board that night of the race! "Taylor, Lionel Taylor? Who in the bloody hell is he?" "How could he possibly win the Queen's Cup?"

Grandie's announcement that he was buying a Herreshoff 12½ sailboat in the fall of 1964 didn't thrill me nearly as much as the thought of the *Impulse* runabout he had bought the year before. I couldn't imagine that sailing would be half as much fun as blasting through the waves in the powerful Lyman. That spring my grandfather took a Power Squadron course. He imparted to me many tidbits from the class such as finding a channel by the mnemonic phrase "Red right returning," rules of right of way, and the list of emergency supplies every boat must carry. When he started going to the Cape in June, my grandfather took a few private sailing lessons in the Herreshoff. I came down after school was over.

The sailboat was called the *Hippen*, the etymology of which we never learned. Grandie hadn't asked the sellers the meaning of the name. Grandie and my cousin Nancy took the *Impulse* over across the harbor to Wing's Neck to pick up the sailboat and move its mooring. Their efforts to raise the ground tackle scratched up the fine woodwork on the *Impulse's* transom. I was inclined to resent the Herreshoff for this damage.

Soon after my arrival, on a gray, blustery day, Grandie took me out sailing. The first thing I remember about it was my anxiety at heeling well over. I was afraid we would capsize. But Grandie pointed out that the *Hippen* had a 700lb keel and that the more we heeled, the more powerfully the keel would counterweigh the wind's push. In addition, the more we tipped, the more wind spilled out of the sail, which also reduced the likelihood of swamping. Although the leeward coaming often touched the water, the hearty sloop didn't let in a drop and we sailed on faster than ever. Time after time the boat's performance confirmed Grandie's prediction that we would heel only as far as the coaming and no further. He was sympathetic to my initial concerns. "I was sort of alarmed the first time it happened during the lessons," Grandie confessed. In his native downeast Maine accent, "sort of alarmed" rhymed with "sawed of salaamed."

"One of the Most Satisfactory Pleasures"

As we sailed right there in the middle of Red Brook Harbor I made the thrilling realization that with our knowledge, the *Hippen*, and its sail, Grandie and I were riding the wind. As we soared elegantly and frugally across the top of the waves we sat comfortably dry in the sunshine. Though the wind forces driving us to leeward were enormous, the shape and heft of the hull balanced them perfectly. We were the beneficiaries of the marine architectural wisdom of Nathaniel Herreshoff of Bristol, Rhode Island, who had laid out a vessel that so graciously accommodated the forces of wind,

Cape Cod Harbors

The Herreshoff *Hippen*

By Rob Gogan

tide, and gravity. No expensive and nauseating fuel with its polluting exhaust was necessary. Grandie grinned and nodded, looking up at the trim of the sail. I was inexpressibly grateful not only for this moment's initiation to sailing but also to know that Grandie appreciated the same aspects that I did. I also felt smug to be among the sailing initiates who don't get nervous when their boats start heeling. I still do sometimes.

Years later I came across a quote from Nathaniel's son, L. Francis Herreshoff, which expresses how I felt that day, "Sailing is a wonderful and unique thing and the sensation of being noiselessly and smoothly propelled without cost of fuel is one of the most satisfactory pleasures known, but when you add to this the fact that the sailboat itself is one of the most interesting things which God has let man make, well then you get a combination which is almost sacred."

I don't think we went far any of those first trips, probably only around Bassett's Island. But it was tricky enough to navigate between the rocks and bars, especially the ones at the south channel of Bassett's. I had the tiller one day on a close-hauled course, tacking through the narrow channel. To get around the big sandbar we had to tack frequently to avoid running aground. We touched bottom once, twice, and then struck hard and stopped. I had been hoping to make it through the shallows to the deep dark channel water beyond, but we didn't make it and the tide was falling. Grandie said that if we ran aground we should retrace our course back to deeper water. The tide was against retreating but the wind was favorable. We luffed the sail a little and eventually did float, dribble in the muddy sand a little, and come free.

We ventured out to Cleveland Light a couple of times. The floating lighthouse marked Cleveland Ledge at the southeast side of the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal cut. It fascinated us that people lived out here on a pole-shaped vertical ship. I felt sorry for them when the foghorn was blowing, which was clearly audible where we lived six nautical miles away.

Downeast Yarns


Out on the water my grandfather told stories about his adventures growing up on the coast of Maine. His younger brother Mer-

said the skipper of the boat that came in second. "I never saw anyone in front of me all the way around the course." And so on into the night. Unfortunately for us and our yacht *Bourisheen* it was to be the best we ever did in a Cowes Week Regatta. All we ever won after three years of trying were two third place finishes. And they came with the Race Committee actually seeing our race number on the sail legitimately cross the finish line with our racing pennant up and flying... or was it?!

ton had fallen off a dock once and nearly drowned. Grandie had fished him out with a boathook. On another trip Grandie told us how his father took a dozen people out on a day trip on his lobster boat one day. One of the aunts in the party got badly seasick an hour out. My great-grandfather wanted to head back to the mainland to get his passenger safely on dry ground, but she didn't want to spoil the outing for the others so she convinced them to drop her on a large exposed rock while they took their excursion. I learned later that the Maine coast has thousands of rocks rising up next to a channel deep enough to float a large vessel. The boaters picked Auntie up a couple of hours later much refreshed.

One of the best parts about sailing is that the stories told on a calm sea have few interruptions. You can get the whole story told at its own pace. Something about the rhythm of fair weather waves and clouds combined with the slow, measurable progress, in total privacy, without the roar or drone of any mechanical sounds, makes it ideal for spinning a yarn. In a dead calm this is not true but fortunately conditions in Buzzards Bay's harbors and coves are nearly always breezy. Sailing there makes for ideal storytelling.

Though he only lived five years after buying the Scotch House Cove house, Grandie made glorious improvements every year we were there. First came the house itself. Then came the *Impulse I*. After that followed the *Hippen*. The high water mark was the magnificent dock which enhanced fishing, swimming, and especially boating. Finally Grandie traded in his Lyman for a larger cabin cruiser with flying bridge, the *Impulse II*. These waterfront toys were more than luxuries to my siblings and me. They were geographic landmarks of our childhood that have appeared in our dreams ever since.



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No. 5

Thurs. 6th. Detained by dense fog till 9am. We then left tho' the fog was still thick. This compelled us to round several extended bays. We at length fell on a strait with some current. We encamped at dusk near the Rapids leading to Artillery Lake. I trust never to be guided by such a map as I have again. Many deer seen, bucks, three very fat ones were killed, 2 by J. Fiddler and 1 by Ignace. Traces of Indians seen.

Frid. 7th. Ran the first 2 rapids but lowered down part of the 3rd., the water being so low that there was a small fall. Saw very small lines above the 2nd Rapid, and afterwards they increased in size till about halfway in Artillery Lake they became a respectable size. A good many deer seen about the Rapids, but not many in this lake; the majority of those seen today, does with young. We had strong headwind till about 2pm, after which we carried sail with the paddle for about 1-1/2 hours and it then fell calm. Last night A. B. mod. everywhere in irregular patches. We encamped at dark opposite what I suppose to be the Island called the Rat Lodge. Left a notice for the boats in case we missed them at the Narrows below the Rapids. We took the West shore at the 3 first Islands marked in the map (4). There is a pretty deep Bay running to the W. and S.W., not noticed in the map.

Sat. 8th. Blew a N.Wt. gale last night with rain; the waves were beating so high against the shore that we made a portage to a small bay and after shipping much water and working our crazy canoes much, we succeeded in crossing to the Beaver Lodge; the wind increased with rain and snow, till at last were compelled to encamp at 7am at a bay on the W't. shore where we afterwards discovered Capt. Back built his boats. We were detained here all day. (Larch found in this bay).

Sund. 9th. The ground was white with snow this morning and still blowing a heavy N.Wtr. with drizzling rain and snow. Took an early breakfast and left at 5am under double-reefed sails. Kept along the E. shore until we fell in with some Indian Lodges, and the rest of the day was spent in trying to find out their road to Fond du Lac du Ercleams, we made a move in the evening to the bottom of a deep narrow bay on the Et. shore where were 10 Indian canoes, several lodges or at least the poles of lodges and remains of deer. The Indians have left this about a fortnight since. We are not yet quite sure of our road. It is really too bad that Indians have not been sent to meet us. Numerous flocks of geese and waxies passing. 4 kinds of berries ripe.

Mond. 10th. Ground white with snow this morning. Many geese passing. Very early this morning Mushtegon and J. Fidler went to find the straightest road to the height of land, returned and after breakfast (8am) we began the portages and before night had passed 8 lakes and made 8 portages, 5 miles all in a S.W'n. direction. The lake we are on is rather larger and the rivers connecting the lakes are more considerable, the last one was navi-

Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855

Part 6

Reprinted from
The Canadian Field Naturalist, May 1940

gable. Men much fatigued. (Wood increased in size and quantity as we approached Slave Lake. Birch fit for axe handles to be found. Very few deer tracks).

Tuesday 11th. Left early. Fell on an Indian track. On entering the river made 2 portages equal to 1/2 mile and shortly after got sight of Slave Lake. The river was here larger but shallow and interrupted by several falls and cascades. The pieces were carried straight to the mouth of the river (5 miles) and the canoes were brought down (light) the river partly by water and several bad portages. They did not succeed in reaching the pieces. Mr. Stewart and I crossed the river by wading at a rapid and found the fort; it is built on the old site of Fort Reliance, but on a smaller scale. We slept here. Mr. Lochart left yesterday with the 2 boats; he is not far off as there is a long portage to make and I sent off immediately to tell him to return. A whisky Jack was seen where we breakfasted, the first for many weeks.

Wed. 12th. The canoes arrived at 10am. After arranging matters I left at 2pm with my canoe, Mr. Stewart remaining to meet Mr. Lochart. Carried sail to the Point, but afterwards had the wind strong nearly ahead. Encamped late a little beyond Hoar Frost River, A. B. faint.

Thur. 13th. Left early. Met an Indian about 7am who gave us some fat meat, we afterward saw some women and children. Arrived at the Mountain Portage about 3pm; put ashore in the bay beyond it to await the arrival of the two canoes from Simpson, which were seen under sail. Took one of these canoes and sent off the others with the 2 crews at 4pm to meet Messrs Stewart and Lochart. Gummed and arranged the canoe and proceeded about 6 miles beyond the Mountain Portage at a little river. Wind strong ahead since mid-day and shipped much water, these 2 canoes are the proper length but too narrow and low, the gunnels also are too weak by far.

Friday, 14th. Left early. Met some Indians going to Resolution about 7am. Encamped about sunset at the beginning of the Cut Rock leading to Pipe Stone Point (opposite the mouth of the large bay). Weather rather cloudy with some light showers; nearly dead calm and consequently a splendid day for paddling. A great many waxies passing

tonight. Aurora Borealis superb in streamers and rays of all colours, very active about 11pm; rays apparently descended to within 100 feet of the water.

Sat. 15th. left early. Wind rather strong ahead. Encamped at dusk among the islands where we dined on the 27th June. A. B. very active, same as yesterday. Saw a few small poplars before encamping.

Sund. 16th. Left at 2-1/2am. Nearly calm, Men paddled very hard; smoked once and arrived at the last Cariboo Island at 9am. Wind a little stronger ahead; took the traverse straight to Stony Island 3-3/4 hours (Mushtegon never once missed his way through the labyrinth of islands). Supped at 6 and arrived at Resolution at 9pm, men quite fresh.

17th. Resolution.

18th. Re'n.

19th. Res'n.

20th. Res'n.

21st. Res'n. Stewart and Lochart with one canoe arrived at 1pm.

22nd. Equipped men. Remainder expedition men arrived.

23rd. Stewart and Lochart and the two other boats arrived.

Mond. 24th. Sent off 2 boats to Simpson. I would now start but have to pay off some Indians, pack up the remainder of the Exp. goods and if possible await the arrival of despatches per "A" boat which should now be here.

Tuesd. 25th.

Wed. 26th.

Th. 27th.

Fr. 28th. Left Resolution at 10am, the "A" boat having arrived yesterday afternoon. Boat very deep. Wind moderate till we came to last Islands to go to I. Aux Morts, when we were compelled to encamp. Drizzling rain,

Sat. 29th. Wind N.E. with a very heavy swell which compelled us to put on shore at 1pm at the Sulphur Springs where we were wind, or rather swell-bound all day. Showers of rain and snow at intervals all day. A. B. faint in the evening. Sharp frost.

Sund. 30th. Left at the first appearance of dawn. Carried sail with a very light breeze and pulled. Supped at Pt. des Roches and reached Big Island about 2 am.

Mond. 31st. Arranging different affairs for Fort Rae etc. Left B.I. at 1pm. Soon after hoisted sail to a light breeze and at the same time pulled. Water extremely high both in the Lake and the River. Supped at 7pm a little below Pt. de St. Restaux then hoisted sail to a light air of wind; day broke when we had entered the small lake. Met Borogh about 5pm above P. St. Restaux.

Tuesd. 1st October. Wind veered ahead after daybreak; put ashore at the foot of the little lake to breakfast, when it began to blow a gale which compelled us to run into a little river on the left bank where we were nailed till the next morning.

Wed. 2nd. Encamped at Spence's River.

Thursd. 3rd. Reached Fort Simpson about 9pm.

(Conclusion)

Two or three nights ago I was off on some innocuous mission. Well, if you must know, I had forgotten to mail the registration for one of the cars. The tags were now out of date and all that bureaucratic folderal. Roger's store here in the marina is not only where I manage to spend tons of money on boat stuff, we also get our mail there. That was my initial target, to get that registration in the mail. I think I had been, further, dispatched on a mission to obtain "medicinal chocolate" from Walgreen's up the road.

Anyway, I was shuffling along in my normal Type-A gait probably thinking about this or that uncompleted boat project. Something is always percolating. I wasn't paying a lot of attention to my surroundings. And did I say it was already dark out? Our docks are not all that well lighted but dodging the overhanging bow rails, anchor platforms, and such tends to keep one more or less toward the center and away from the water most of the time.

I had just turned the corner at the confluence of our dock and the main causeway leading to the parking lot, restaurant, marina office, and Roger's store. Christmas lights were starting to come on with their profusion of timers and photo cells. I was, most likely, admiring my own display of Lady Bug/Limerick/Mac's Pram/Paint Bucket in a line of ducks and all dressed in rope lights and such. Who knows what else I was daydreaming about. SPLLL-LAAASSSHHHHH-gurgle-drippppp.

A closely-cropped head and brawny shoulders broke the water's surface and stared at me from the empty slip Tony's dive

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

It Happened Again

By Dan Rogers

boat normally occupies. He was a male of indeterminate age. And my first impulse was that one of the BUDS/UDT students from across the bay at the Amphib Base had gotten horribly off course, or perhaps was out after school on an "extra credit" junket to sneak up on unsuspecting citizens and had chosen that spot to surface. I think I blurted something more befitting the barracks or First Division compartment in "greeting." All I got in return was a blank stare. This was not a Navy SEAL in training. He was wearing street clothes and was struggling to stay afloat.

I got down on my belly and grabbed for his outstretched arms. Together we got him up on the flat surface of the dock. I'd guess the kid was about 14 or 15, way bigger than I am and somewhat overweight, as kids tend to be these days. Of course, at that point the latent Boy Scout in me was in full stride, "What were you doing in there? Are you hurt?" and so forth.

"I don't know how I got there. Where am I, anyhow?" was his dazed answer.

I did mention that there were Christmas lights coming on. Even here in San Diego that

means cold water season. Not the most popular time for a twilight swim. I was wearing a coat and long pants myself. After figuring the kid wasn't drunk, on drugs, or just plain loco my immediate plan was to deal with hypothermia. Two choices, I could go to my sailboat, *Plum Duff*, moored just down the causeway and get blankets or we could scuttle up to the showers. Then the blanket plan will make more sense. To the showers, men!

After re-warming we found the kid's dad. Sadly Dad was more interested in berating the kid for worrying HIM. Funny, how some folks have to be apologized to for somebody ELSE'S troubles. Then we concluded that the laptop computer the kid had been sent to retrieve from their boat was no longer extant. And while he did still have his cell phone, it was bubbling with cold salt water. No, he didn't have his glasses either.

I went back to the scene with a flashlight and boat hook. The laptop was floating in its "protective" case about 6' from the dock. Having done what I felt was all I could do at that point, I went off to mail the damp envelope in my coat pocket. The figures of a wet kid and an irate dad faded into the gloom. But I could hear the invective and remorse all the way to the parking lot. Poor kid.

I never did quite figure out how long he had been in the water or quite how he had gotten there. I am glad that I forgot to mail that registration. I am glad that Kate was low on ice cream. And thank you God for sending me when it was still gonna turn out alright. Laptop or no damn laptop.

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Experts believe container-ship speeds will drop below the existing level of about 21kts. Such a drop would help eliminate the present problem of a double-digit overcapacity.

In spite of a worldwide shortage of maritime officers, it was somewhat surprising to see a British publication point out that the graduates of the several US maritime academies are well trained. There was a time when foreign shipping companies and others resented that fact that such officers trained at public expense should work on foreign tonnage, but several companies have agreed with the US Maritime Administration to hire American mariners for their ships and reports coming back are favorable. Besides, the dollar exchange now makes such arrangements attractive to both sides.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Collisions and allisions:

In Bangladesh the rice-carrying freighter *Badulu Valley* (or *Batalu*?) sank after colliding with the anchored tanker *Heng Zhou* near Chittagong.

In the Sea of Azov the ballasted *Forward-I* hit the scrap loaded *Vesegonsk*. Some damage but both ships proceeded to port.

The ro-ro pax ferry *Eladia Isabel* hit its dock hard at Buenos Aires hard enough to injure 15 passengers but was soon judged to be "technically capable of navigating."

Sinkings:

The elderly tug *Besposhchadnyy* sank at Novorossiysk port.

On Lake Victoria the ferry *Azza* sank, taking with it 200 tonnes of bottled water and 40 tonnes of cottonseed cake. The crew of 25 escaped to a life raft.

Off Vietnam the *Green Vishop* sank after colliding with the *Vinshin Pacific*.

The Georgian-flagged freighter *Jasmine* apparently lost stability, capsized, and sank off Turkey's western coast while carrying about 2,000 pallets of bricks, some on deck. (This columnist is trying desperately to avoid the obvious pun about the ship sinking "like a brick.")

Groundings:

The 278' freighter *Atlantic Intrepid* ran aground in Government Cut while transiting to the Port of Miami, Miami's second port several miles up the Miami River.

The US Coast Guard rescued eight off the freighter *Anais* after it went aground near South Caicos Island, Turks and Caicos Islands, in bad weather from Tropical Storm Hanna.

The Dutch freighter *Diamant* ran aground in the Russian port of Vyborg but was able to free itself with assistance from the wakes of passing ships.

The timber-carrying *Ajaks II* hit the bottom of the River Don while en route to Turkey.

The smallish passenger ro-ro *Erdemier* ran aground while docking at Avsa Island in the Marmara Sea.

Humans:

A crewman on the bulker *Java Star* was crushed to death when a shore-based crane hit him at Squamish, British Columbia.

In China a shipyard blast killed one and seriously injured another worker. Both were painting the deck of the *Fuhai No. 8*, a newbuild about to be launched at the Huajie shipyard.

A 77-year-old dockworker tragically and needlessly died at Oakland, California, when a locking device came loose on a container, causing it to spin and pin him against a railing before he fell into the water on the far

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

side of the container ship *NYK Starlight*. He swam around for about half an hour before dying because no ladders or rescue equipment were available.

An explosion sank two ships off Vietnam, killing one and injured 19, five seriously. One of the vessels was "exploiting metal scrap" in the sea (possibly deep-sixed ammo?).

Off Honolulu a Coast Guard helicopter crashed while participating in a routine drill with a Coast Guard small boat. Four flyers died.

Grey Fleets

Russia expressed displeasure that US Naval and Coast Guard ships were operating in the Black Sea and announced that a naval squadron and anti-submarine patrol planes would participate in joint naval exercises with Venezuelan forces. A Russian Foreign Ministry official carefully announced that the exercises were planned long before the US expressed disgust with Russia's invasion of Georgia.

In 2006 Canada announced grand plans for three new Joint Support Ships (aka replenishment ships) and planned to spend \$2.9 billion for them. But planners added too many gotta-have and wouldn't-it-be-nice requirements (to wit: refuel and resupply ships act as both hospitals and command ships, carry army vehicles, etc) so shipyard bids came in too high and the procurement was cancelled. Off the record, defense officials commented that there may be problems in keeping Canada's fleet at sea, the Canadian navy will have to continue to use its two '60s-vintage replenishment ships although they were scheduled for retirement between 2010 and 2012. It is now considering buying two tankers and a transport ship. Also cancelled was the acquisition of 12 mid-shore patrol vessels for the Canadian Coast Guard. Renewing the Coast Guard fleet and ensuring that the Armed Forces have the equipment they need remained a key government priority, or so the Public Works Minister quickly claimed.

Iran announced that it had set up a production line for building a "semi-heavy" submarine class called the Qalm which can carry and fire various weapons including torpedoes and surface missiles and also carry special-operations personnel. The new facility is in addition to a production line announced in 2005 for building midget submarines.

Russia will renovate the Syrian port of Tartus as a base for Russian warships and the port was to be visited by a powerful naval contingent including the aircraft carrier *Admiral Kuznetsov*, the large missile cruiser *Moskva*, and four nuclear-missile submarines.

In Russia the upgraded Typhoon-class sub *Dmitrii Donskoy* passed its tests at the Sevmash shipyard in Severodvinsk and is ready for installation of state-of-the-art missile systems. The sub was upgraded in 2002. Sevmash is also building the *Yuri Dolgorukii*, the first of a fourth generation of Admiral Gorskoy subs. Another Sevmash job is the on-again/off-again renovation of the aircraft carrier *Admiral Goshkov* for India. Russia wants

another \$1.2 billion from India to finish the job but will loan Sevmash \$250 million in the meantime just to keep work going.

A large amount of titanium should soon appear on the world's scrap market. Russia will scrap the titanium-hulled Papa-class sub, *K-162*, later *K-222*. The one-of-its-kind sub reached a record-breaking 44.7kts but was extremely noisy and uncomfortable at top speed and was mothballed in the mid-'80s. (This may have been the sub that is rumored to have impaled a whale at 45 knots during a submerged test run.)

Great Britain's armed forces are under severe pressures, largely because of operations in Afghanistan and Iraq, and the Royal Navy shares the pain with the two junior services. A lack of critical personnel, both naval and civilian, could mean that the UK's nuclear submarines will be moored pierside within 18 months.

White Fleets

In Helsinki the *Europa* was pumping oily bilgewater ashore when the high-pressure hose let go and sprayed 50-60 litres of oil onto the shore and water.

At Seward, Alaska, the US Coast Guard inspected the *Clipper Pacific* and found 32 discrepancies. The ship was temporarily detained until a \$1.1-million surety bond had been posted.

Over a five-hour period the Russian navy checked and rechecked the passports of about 2,000 passengers, mostly Australians, at Petropavlovsk while two frigates reportedly kept the *Sun Princess* from sailing. (Australia has close ties with NATO and has expressed dismay at the Russian invasion of Georgia.)

Canadian officials and others are concerned that too many cruise ships, some carrying 2,000 passengers, will inundate small Arctic communities this summer. Canada expected 26 cruise ships and Greenland was visited by more than 55,000 tourists.

Ten crew members, mostly Croatians, plus the Croatian captain of the 1965-built Turkish-owned *Dalmacija* went on strike soon after the cruise ship arrived at Split in Croatia because they hadn't been paid for two months.irate passengers, mostly Turks, were flown home in a plane chartered by the Turkish government.

A US court ruled that the owner of the *Norway* must pay an additional \$7.7 million restitution for the boiler explosion in 2003 that killed eight and seriously injured ten more. Total fines and compensation now total \$22.5 million.

They That Go Back and Forth

In British Columbia passengers on the new (put into service in June) ferry *Coastal Inspiration* were entertained when a small truck on the car deck caught fire. The ferry made a quick U-turn back to the terminal at Tsawwassen, the passengers went ashore, and firefighters took over for the next few hours.

In the Philippines the inter-island ferry *Grand Star I* drifted for eight hours in the Strait of Surigao (that name should be familiar to naval history buffs) after engine problems disabled the ferry. All 63 passengers were removed safely in calm weather and fleetmate *Grand Star 5* towed the disabled vessel to Lipata.

On the Thames an electrician was seriously injured on the 21,000-tonne ferry *Ark Forwarder* and was pronounced dead upon arrival at Tilbury Docks in London.

In far-off Bahrain, a suspect was arrested and returned to Manila. He may have been the mastermind behind the fatal bombing on the Philippine ferry *Superferry 14* that killed 116 in 2004 plus other bomb attacks. He had been working as an interpreter in the Philippine embassy at Bahrain.

A large, fast ferry operating between the Hawaiian Islands with lower fares than local airlines can offer would seem a natural but the Hawaii *Superferry Alakai* has had much opposition from environmentalists (whales, you know), lawsuits, legal and technical problems, and so forth. Now that the ferry is running consistently people seem to like the Honolulu-Maui service. But it remains a question whether the ferry will run into Nawiliwili, Oahu, because of fierce local protests that caused the company to cease service there last year.

In Southwest Harbor, Maine, the Coast Guard investigated a collision between the 42' ferry *Island Queen* and an empty 12' skiff that was attached to a mooring ball. No passengers were aboard the ferry at the time of the crash and there were no reports of injuries to the crew. The ferry was not damaged and there was no pollution but there was significant damage to the bow of the skiff.

Legal Matters

In China the master of the *Jinyuanyiu* lost an appeal and will serve five years in jail for his vessel's collision with the anchored *Jintaishun*, an accident in which 15 died earlier this year.

Nature

Four activists from Greenpeace climbed up a crane on the log-carrier *Harbour Gemini* in Papua, New Guinea, trying to keep the logs from reaching China.

A wildlife group claimed that noisy ships, exploration for oil and gas, and naval sonars are spoiling the oceans' serenity and demanded that someone do something about the noise pollution. (Would killing off all the moaning whales, squeaking porpoises, and popping shrimp help bring oceanic aural peace?)

A Japanese shipping company is having a Japanese company build a solar power system for one of its vehicle carriers. The panels might reduce fuel consumption by 6.5%, that equates to nine gallons of fuel saved for each of 5,000 cars carried on a trans-Pacific voyage.

Although the Maritime Administration has had conspicuous success in reducing the number of "ghost" ships in two of its three anchorages, the San Francisco Bay Regional Water Quality Control Board is keeping MarAd from reducing the fleet anchored in Suisan Bay. First, the Board wanted the ships removed because they could shed toxins and hard-metal pollutants from their bottoms, then it asked MarAd to stop removals because the removal process was causing shedding, and now it simply wants MarAd to somehow keep the anchored ships from polluting.

Metal-Bashing

One Korean ship building firm turns out a large ship each week and has 40 months of orders on its books.

From time to time Norway nabs a Russian fishing vessel for violations or it is simply abandoned in a Norwegian harbor. What do with the wrecks? Lawyers recently concluded that the harbor authorities control them. They will be sent back to a Russian firm for scrapping.

Ship scrapping in Bangladesh was going full-bore but the government barred the tanker *New Atlantia*, renamed the *Enterprise*, from the beach at Sitakundu, 30km north of Chittagong, because Greenpeace claimed the ship was full of asbestos.

Illegal Imports

The *Carnival Liberty* rescued 44 Haitians from a sinking boat off the northeast coast of Cuba. They were trying to reach the States.

Others may not have been illegal immigrants but 58 people from Myanmar and Cambodia were glad when the Vietnam border guard took them off their small ship. The vessel was drifting and they had run out of food.

About 120 Libyans, all most probably trying to enter Europe illegally, failed to reach Malta when their boat ran out of fuel.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

It was an extremely busy month in the Gulf of Aden off Somalia:

Pirates tried to board the Norwegian tanker *Front Voyager* but failed.

The Yemeni Coast Guard kept pirates from the Saudi Arabian cargo ship *Mumina*.

Increases in speed and evasive maneuvers kept pirates away from a Chinese-owned cargo ship, a Singaporean liquified gas carrier, and a Thai bulk carrier. A mystery warship destroyed the boat of 14 pirates and took them captive.

The French navy wondered how it was going to recover two French yachtsmen being held in a hill village after their sailing yacht *Carré d'As II* was seized. Another report surmised that the yacht is being used as a lure.

The Omani fishing vessel *Asmark* was released after 80 months of captivity for its crew of 22.

The Thailand-flagged *Thor Star* was captured. The Iranian bulk carrier *Iran Deyant* joined the captive crowd, as did the *Stella Maris* and maybe two or three more.

The Malaysian chemical tanker *Bunga Melati Dua* was taken and so was the *Bunga Melati Lima* and possibly the *Bunga Melati 5* and the owner said it would not allow any more of its ships to enter Somalia waters until the pirate threat is eliminated.

Yemen offered to host a regional anti-piracy center. The navies of several nations would like to take violent action singly or multi-nationally against the pirates but ship owners plead to be left alone so they can negotiate about the ransoms for their crewmen. Ransoms have steadily increased with \$2.5 millions being mentioned recently.

Two possible mother ships for pirate speedboats have been identified, both are ex-Soviet stern trawlers with names like *Burum Ocean* and *Arena* or *Athena*.

All the pirate activity seems to create income for many. Not every recipient of ransom money is poor. Much of ransom money goes for flashy weddings, new cars, and support of warlords in their fights with the country's weak central government which has not been effective since warlords overthrew dictator Mohamed Siad Barre in 1991.

But not all pirate activity was off Somalia. Pirates used an RHIB to board the big luxury sailing yacht *Tiara* while it was anchored off Corsica. They robbed the yacht's safe of \$204,000 and no doubt disturb the peace of the German financiers chartering the vessel.

And some nations defended territorial waters. In Taiwan some officials suggested

that the nation's Coast Guard Administration (CGA) borrow six navy warships to patrol disputed waters and defend Taiwan against Chinese incursions and harassments of Taiwanese fishing fleets. It was claimed that Coast Guard vessels were too small to do the job effectively. But others said the suggestion was part of a larger scheme to enlarge the CGA.

Odd Bits

In the UK an extensive underwater survey and salvage operation of remains on the bottom of Thames River Estuary found seven shipwrecks up to 350 years old among the 1,100 sinkings on the waterway over the years. And all seven are well-preserved. One was *HMS London*, which blew up in 1665 but seems in photos to be remarkably whole although mastless. The wreck is considered significant enough that the shipping channel will be moved away from it. Another was a largish yacht that was converted into *HMS Aisha*, which became part of the Little Ships that rescued British Forces from Dunkirk but was mined a month later. Another vessel found was the *SS Letchworth*, a collier sunk by the Luftwaffe in 1940.

An oil company publication has a two-page spread color photo showing two tankers at anchor off an ice-bound coast. Spreading across the water and rippling with the small waves is either newly forming ice or spilled crude oil. The company's public affairs office claimed it was ice.

What may be the world's largest fireworks display from a barge recently happened in Brazil, if anyone is keeping track of such events. Involved were 21,600,000 pyrotechnics weighing a total of 23,500kg.

A Dutch heavy-lift company won a contract to carry the hulls of two amphibious helicopter carriers from Spain to Australia. Each finished carrier will have a full-load displacement of about 27,000dw. The carrying vessel will be the semi-submersible *Blue Marlin*. The same company will also carry two ex-Soviet nuclear submarines from Kamchatka Peninsula in northeastern Russia to a Russian dismantling yard on the Sea of Japan.

According to one news item, you will never see a Russian nuclear-powered icebreaker in the Southern Hemisphere. The reason? They cannot operate in the tropics because they need cool water to cool their reactors.

Canada will send the icebreaker *Sir Wilfred Laurier* to search its Far North for two missing exploration ships. They were the *Erebus* and *Terror* of Sir John Franklin's expedition to find a Northwest Passage to the Orient and were last seen some 160 years ago. Research has made it evident what happened to the men but the ships have never been found. Canada fears that the melting of ice from global warming might entice others to search for the relics.

Head-Shaker

A Ukrainian film company is looking for a physician to monitor the health of expedition members. The expedition will cross the Atlantic following the route of Columbus's first crossing and the team will not eat or drink during the expected 40-day voyage. (The claim is made that one member has already fasted for 54 days.) The objective is to show that it is possible to survive without food or water, that the experience can "actually be beneficial to the body," and anybody can do it.

Faith is the name given to the first cargo carrier built of concrete in this country and the career of this vessel will be watched with much interest by marine engineers all over the world. This vessel was built at the yard of the San Francisco Shipbuilding Company at Redwood City, near San Francisco. As soon as she is fitted out she is to make a voyage to Hawaii and that voyage across the Pacific will prove whether those who have pinned their faith on concrete are going to revolutionize shipbuilding, or whether others who insist that concrete is only good for barges and vessels for inland waters are right in their views.

The new cargo carrier is different in model to the regulation cargo hull. The photograph shows that she is of the scow type, flat on the bottom, straight flat sides, but with what a yachtsman would call a V-bottom at the stem. The sheer is very straight and the boards of the moulds show so plainly on the sides that one would almost insist that it is a wooden vessel.

The *Faith* is a vessel of about 5,000 tons capacity. She is 336' long, 44.5' breadth moulded, 30' depth moulded, and will draw when loaded 24'. She is a single-screw vessel and is to be fitted with Scotch boilers and triple-expansion engines of 1,750hp which are expected to give a speed of 10 knots. She is to use oil for fuel and her tankage will enable her to carry sufficient fuel oil for 30 days' steaming.

The frames of this vessel are of steel and are spaced about 4' apart. There are interior

Faith... The First Concrete Cargo Carrier

Reprinted from *The Rudder* 1918

columns for the support of the two decks and in addition to the diagonal rod reinforcement in the shell, wire fabric is used $\frac{3}{4}$ " from the outside surface. The hull is divided into nine watertight compartments by concrete bulkheads. The concrete shell is said to be about 5" thick at the bottom, decreasing to 4" at the deck, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ " thick.

Concrete construction has become so common in building houses, churches, and factories that nearly everyone is familiar with the process and the concrete ship is built in a method very similar to a house except that it has no solid foundation to rest upon. It floats in the water and, as the ocean is never still, bridge engineering enters largely into its construction because the waves will sometimes lift the bow and the stern and leave the center unsupported, or lift the center and leave the ends unsupported so that the vessels have to be strengthened and braced to take up these stresses.

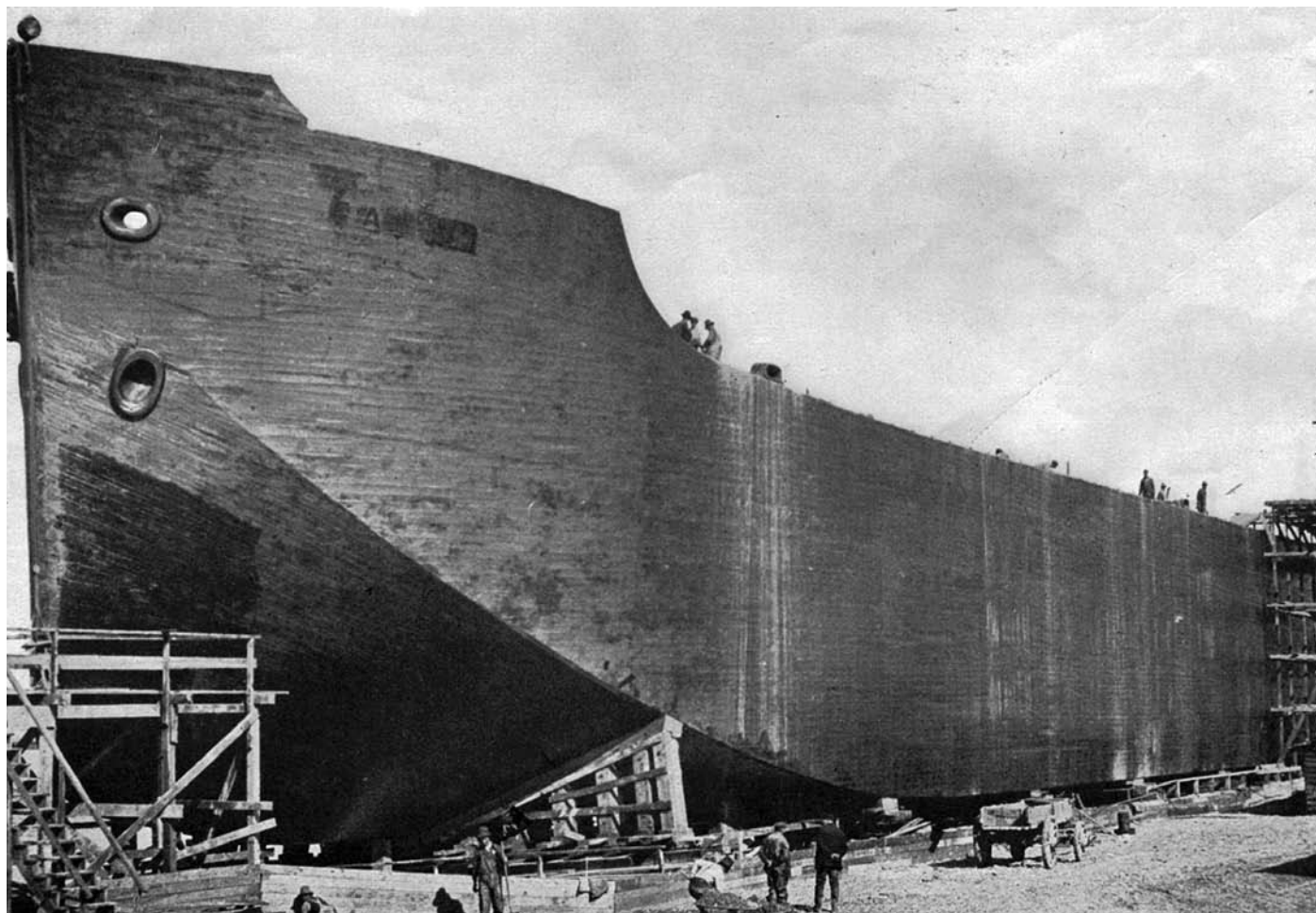
To begin with, the steel frames are set up and after these have been properly strapped together wooden moulds are erected into which the cement is poured and allowed to become solid, just as would be done if one

were having a bungalow built. The concrete used in ship construction is a carefully prepared mixture of cement, sand, and selected gravel and when this is poured into the moulds the outsides of the forms are hammered to thoroughly consolidate the concrete and produce a dense surface. After the forms are stripped off the hull is sandblasted, given a coating of gunite, and later finished by rubbing. After the frames and forms for the *Faith* had been set up and the concrete poured in it took just six weeks to finish the vessel and launch it. This was very fast work.

The work on the *Faith* was very carefully watched by R.J. Wig, chief of the division of concrete ship construction of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and Mr. Wig's report was so favorable that other vessels of this type are to be built. Work on three vessels of 7,500 tons each is to be started at once. Congress is to be asked for an appropriation of \$50,000,000 for the building of a fleet of concrete vessels.

There are three experimental concrete vessels now under construction. These are of 3,500 tons but because there are so many vessels of this size building under the steel and wooden programs, additional small vessels are not wanted. Experience is showing that larger vessels are more practical and efficient and less costly, particularly for war transport in convoys. The Shipping Board has funds for the concrete vessels authorized, but if the larger program is undertaken it will be necessary to get more money from Congress. Chairman Hurley has asked

Faith, 5,000 ton concrete vessel recently launched from the San Francisco Shipbuilding Company's yard at Redwood City, California.



the leading naval architects and designers for their opinions on concrete ships and these are to be laid before Congress.

A new shipyard solely for the construction of concrete ships is to be established soon. It will be in some southern city, possibly Wilmington, North Carolina, or New Orleans. This yard will have three ways which will be used for vessels of 3,500 tons, plans for which have already been approved. Upon the completion of these vessels the 7,500-ton vessels are to be built. When this yard is completed there will be five where concrete vessels are building, the others being at Redwood City and San Francisco, California; Jacksonville, Florida; Brunswick, Georgia; and Detroit.

J.E. Freeman of the Portland Cement Association prepared a paper on the "Development of Concrete Barge and Ship Construction" which was read at a meeting of the Engineering Society at Buffalo last February. Mr Freeman in that paper briefly reviewed the shipping situation and the increasing demand for ships. He said that to "solve the problem requires the rapid development of all methods of ship building and it is for this purpose that reinforced concrete is now being considered and utilized to augment the tonnage under consideration. The first seagoing vessel of concrete has made successful trial trips and vessels of larger tonnage are under consideration both here and abroad." Mr Freeman then reviewed the progress made in the use of concrete for ship building.

The first concrete effort was a rowboat, built in 1849 by M. Lambot of Carcès, France. This boat was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1855 and was in good condition as late as 1903. In 1900 a gravel barge, 50' long, 13' wide and 3' deep, was built in France.

In 1899 Carlo Gabellini of Rome, began the construction of concrete barges and scows in Italy and in 1905 a 150-ton barge was constructed for the city of Civita Vecchia. Later another barge was built for the use of the Italian Navy at Spezia. Before this barge was accepted it was very thoroughly tested by being driven against pilings and rammed by a steel tugboat. Up to 1912 about 80 vessels had been built by the Gabellini concern.

As early as 1887 small concrete barges of 11 tons capacity were built by the Fabriek van Cement Ijzer Werken in Holland and these were followed by larger craft of 55 tons capacity. In Germany a 220-ton concrete freighter was built in 1909. This vessel had watertight bulkheads. It is said that since the war started Germany has built many concrete barges.

In 1912 a reinforced concrete scow was built by the Yorkshire Hennebique Contracting Company, Ltd of Leeds. This craft is 100' by 28' by 8'6" deep. Its capacity is 224 tons and when loaded draws 6'6". The hull consists of a series of watertight compartments which will keep the hull afloat if the exterior shell were destroyed.

In 1910 the building of concrete barges was undertaken on this side of the Atlantic. An 80' barge of 200 tons capacity called *Pioneer* was built on the Welland Canal for maintenance work. It was designed by J.L. Weller, St Catharines, Ontario. The barge has a breadth of 24' and a depth of 7'. The hull is divided into eight compartments by longitudinal and cross bulkheads. The deck, bottom, sides and bulkheads are 2½" thick, re-

inforced in two directions with ¼" steel wire, and strengthened by the bulkheads and by beams and posts of reinforced concrete 6"x8" in size. This barge has been in almost constant service since construction with practically no maintenance charges and is still in excellent condition.

On the Panama Canal in 1910 three concrete barges 64' long were built to carry dredging pumps. These did good work and were followed in 1913 and 1916 by several reinforced pontoons which were built at Panama. These are 120' long.

In England and France the utility of barges and self-propelled lighters of concrete has been recognized. Many have been built which are in constant use on the French rivers and canals, particularly in the war zone. These scows are watertight, do not require scraping, caulking, painting, or maintenance other than repairs to wooden fender system. Some of these barges are built near Bordeaux, others at Ivry-on-Seine, and there has been established a yard for this work at Dundee, Scotland. In addition to these barges the British are building several small coasting vessels varying from 500 to 1,500 tons cargo capacity, which are fitted with heavy oil engines.

In Spain a cargo vessel of 110' length is nearing completion at Barcelona. It will carry sails and, in addition, be fitted with a 120hp heavy oil engine. The company building this vessel plans to turn out this year standard ships of 300, 500, and 1,000 tons each, a total of 4,000 tons. It is also planning to build larger vessels up to 6,000 tons capacity. In Norway the *Nansenfjord* was built last year. This vessel was described in *The Rudder* last January. It has proved so successful that other vessels of from 600 to 1,600 tons capacity are now building.

This vessel was built by the Fougner Steel-Concrete Shipbuilding Company at Moss and it has a contract for a 4,000-ton ore carrier 154' feet long, equipped with two 300hp heavy oil engines. This company is also building floating drydocks of concrete, the first of which was for a Christiania firm of yacht builders and has a lifting capacity of 100 tons. It has plans for larger docks up to 15,000 tons capacity.

The Fougner Company has established an American branch and is reported to have a contract with the Shipping Board for several 3,500-ton ships contingent upon the success of the first vessel. It is stated, too, that the Ferro-Concrete Shipbuilding Company of New York and the Liberty Shipbuilding Company of Boston have similar contracts.

A 126' foot vessel of 350 tons capacity was launched at Montreal last November and a picture of that vessel appeared in the January *Rudder*. The ribs are of structural steel encased in concrete and spaced about 27" apart, the steel sections being 5" deep at the top and 14" at the base. The shell is of reinforced concrete varying from 3½" to 5" in thickness, approximately 50 tons of reinforcing steel being used in construction.

A joint committee of the American Concrete Institute and the Portland Cement Association has paid much attention to concrete ships. In a report issued recently it covered points to be considered in designing concrete vessels and submitted a tentative design for a 2,000-ton seagoing barge of the following dimensions: length, 227'6"; length between perpendiculars, 220'; breadth, 42'; depth,

23'; loaded draught, 15'. The displacement is estimated at 2,657 tons on an 18' draught. The vessel is divided into five compartments by transverse bulkheads, the three center compartments being for cargo and the other two for tanks and ballast.

A concrete of 1:1:2 mixture with carefully selected sand and gravel (about half size) was decided upon and considered to develop an ultimate crushing strength of at least 3,000psi, allowing a maximum stress in concrete of 1,000psi. The spacing of the frames is 4' and the thickness of shell 4" on the sides and 5" on the bottom. Two lines of reinforcement are provided. The deck is 3" between hatches and along the line of the hatches and 5" thick outside these lines.

An estimate of the quantities gave the following: Concrete, 731cu/yds; steel, 482,000lb; flooring for hold, 30,000' B.M.; oak timbers, fender rail, etc, 15,000' B.M.

The total weight of the barge was estimated to be 1,647 tons and the carrying capacity 2,028 tons for 18' draught. The cost of the hull per ton deadweight was estimated at \$63, the best available figures indicated a cost of steel hull of the same character of \$90 to \$120 per ton and the cost of a wooden hull of \$70 to \$100.

This report said: "A ship must be able to meet conditions which are unlike any to which land structures are subject. In determining the longitudinal strength of a ship it is customary to assume two conditions. Under the first condition the ship is assumed to be suspended between two wave crests, the length between the crests being equal to the length of the ship between perpendiculars, the height of the wave being equal to one-twentieth of that length. In this case the ship as a whole is acting as a simple beam supported at the ends. This condition is termed 'sagging.'

Under the second condition the ship is assumed to be supported amidships on one crest of the same wave. Under this condition the ship as a whole acts as a cantilever. This condition is termed 'hogging.' It is apparent, therefore, that when a ship is riding the waves both the deck and the bottom of the ship will be required to withstand tensile and compressive stresses alternately, the maximum tensile stress following the maximum compressive stress at very short intervals. In a steel ship the entire cross-sectional areas of the midship section act to resist these stresses, taking into account, in determining the moment of inertia, all of the continuous members such as continuous scantlings and deck, side and bottom plates. In the concrete ship equivalent strength must be provided. In the case of the concrete ship, however, only the steel reinforcement can be relied upon to take tensile stresses. The concrete, assisted by the steel, will take the compressive stresses.

"There is an almost unanimous opinion among naval architects and seafaring men generally that a concrete ship will be so inelastic that she will tear herself to pieces in a sea. While it is doubtless true that in a concrete ship there will not be the same readjustment of stresses as in a steel vessel when subject to the action of a heavy sea, experience with reinforced concrete structures generally has shown that such structures have considerable elasticity and there is ample reason for the hope that reinforced concrete will prove a suitable material for ship building purposes.

"Build a canoe out of birchbark?" It was my brother Eric asking, a down-to-earth guy who's owned and sailed 20' and 30' sloops, a guy who's built dories and prams and runabouts. "Why not use fiberglass, heck of a lot more practical?"

Who knows why I wanted to build a birchbark canoe? Maybe it started when I was a teenager, peeled a 6" piece of birchbark off the scrawny birch in the backyard, and folded it into a mini-canoe, hoping my father wouldn't notice the sudden naked spot on the tree. For sure it got a boost decades later when I drove one spring night up to Deer River, Minnesota, and was welcomed by Bill Hafeman and his wife Violet to his canoe workshop. (Hafeman was the "...and one old man in Minnesota," mentioned by John McPhee in addition to Henry Vallaincourt in his book, *Survival of the Bark Canoe*, who still practiced the craft that had dwindled almost to extinction.

Still another 20 years passed before I was admiring the work of Eric Simula, a canoe builder and interpreter of the fur trade at Grand Portage National Monument. He prompted me to get the canoe builder's bible, *The Skin Boats and Bark Canoes of North America*, by Adney, and shortly after I found myself on the way to a spruce bog to launch the project.

I started literally from below the ground up, first finding a bog with black spruce trees where I could pull up their pencil-thick roots. One can use tamarack roots, too, the two kinds of trees often keep company in northern bogs. Jamming my hands up to a foot deep under cool sphagnum and feather mosses, I'd follow the circuitous pathway of a root of the right thickness in both directions, under and over other roots, freeing it, and finally cutting it where it got too big or too small, and extracting it. Some were 15' long or so, many only 6' or 8'. I often debarked them immediately while they were moist, running them around a spruce trunk and pulling back and forth on each end to scour off the root bark. Then I coiled them up, getting 20 to 25 in five or six hours was a good day's work.

A day in a sphagnum moss bog can range from heaven to hell depending on bugs. Without mosquitoes, shade and cool moss are ethereal on a hot day, still I often needed a poncho to keep my butt dry. Once, as late as early June, I found ice a foot down under the sphagnum moss. Insulating snow had been unusually sparse the preceding winter.

Spruce roots need to be split in half so they lie flat when they are lashed. This is best done while they are moist or, if allowed to dry out, they can be soaked in hot water to soften before splitting. Once the split is started with a knife it is fairly easy to keep the split in the middle of the root as the two halves are pulled apart with the fingers. If the split starts to run off to one side the other side is bent back more to coax the split back to the middle.

Splitting soon becomes automatic. I found I could do it while telling curious visitors about gathering roots and what I was doing while dressed up as a voyageur and volunteering at Grand Portage National Monument in northern Minnesota. That's where I got a lot of exposure to canoes being made by Eric Simula, a Park Service employee who talks to visitors about the fur trade and demonstrates canoe building skills learned from the Indians. He builds his voyageur canoes in the 18th century Ojibway Village where visitors see real props like wild rice being

De-barking Up the Wrong Tree

A Canoe Builder's Tale

By Jay Hutchinson

parched and fresh herring roasting by a wood fire. He'd eat the herring props and sometimes share them with me after closing time of a long day.

After splitting roots I coiled them again and stored them dry until ready for use. Then I popped them back into boiling water for a few minutes to limber them up. I didn't make a count but I probably had 100 to 150 coils on hand before I started to sew and lash.

The wood parts of the canoe, ribs, sheathing, gunwales, and thwarts take the longest to make. I started by calling around to log yards in northern Minnesota that specialized in white cedar, the wood of choice for making the 3" wide ribs, the very thin sheathing strips about 4" or 5" wide that lie under the ribs and strengthen the bark and the long gunwales or rails of the canoe.

"Yep, I've got about 400 cords of tree-length cedar here," answered a log yard owner up north in Cusson, Minnesota. What a selection, I thought, so I drove right up. When I got there the owner pointed to a distant huge pile of logs stacked 15' high and a couple hundred feet long. "Cusson" was well-named, I felt like doing it myself. How could I find one straight, knot-free log buried somewhere in this humongous pile when all I could see was the butt ends?

"Look 'em over, we can pull whatever log you want out with a fork lift and chain," he said, then drove back to his office. Fortunately, down at the end of the pile single logs were lying on the ground, their whole lengths exposed. I could check on straightness, straight grain, and see how knotty they were.

Luckily the bark of white cedar is a clue to how straight-grained the wood is. If the bark spirals around the trunk, that's bad, the wood grain will be too hard to split out straight. I found two pretty good logs with almost no spiral in the bark that were also generally knot free, one 14" and the other 17" in diameter at the big ends. I still didn't have a chainsaw, only a bow saw, so I had a yard worker cut off a 5' piece from both these logs, long enough to make the longest ribs needed in the middle of a canoe. Five feet would also be long enough as well for sheathing, the very thin flat strips placed right on the bark beneath the ribs and running parallel to the canoe's length.

After loading the logs in my station wagon I stopped at a wetland nearby to see a testament to white cedar's rot resistance. The town had built a sturdy boardwalk of cedar lumber hundreds of yards long through a scenic spruce and tamarack bog to the edge of a lake. The logs had come from the same log yard the previous year.

The next task was splitting these 5' logs in half, then into quarters, and often into eighths, using a couple of hatchets and steel wedges. Then I split these into rib cants about 3" wide and 1/2" thick using a drawknife. Later I shaved down each rib to about 3/8" thickness on my shaving horse. I'd need about 35 to 40 ribs for a 15' canoe. Not having freshly cut cedar (my logs had been drying for two seasons) made splitting much harder.

So I ended up soaking the quarter logs in a pond, or sometimes in a 5' diameter kids' inflatable wading pool overnight so that they split more easily.

Besides splitting off cants to shave the ribs from, I needed 4" to 5" wide pieces of cedar about 5' long, split or shaved down to roughly 1/8" thickness, these were the sheathing pieces that would line the inside of the canoe on top of the bark and under the ribs. Since it's difficult to split off pieces thinner than 1/4" to 1/2" thick, I spent hours shaving down sheathing pieces that thick to the required 1/8" thickness. By the first season's end, after many hours of shaving, I had 30 ribs and 41 pieces of sheathing, most of which were 5' long.

For the canoe thwarts, or cross-pieces, I bought a knot-free, 40" long black ash log about 12" thick which the logger and mill owner sliced in half for me the long way. I soaked one half in the kiddie pool and with two hatchets split into quarters, then from those, split off pieces about 3" wide and 3/4" thick.

The moist black ash felt almost buttery compared to the more splintery white cedar as I shaved it down with the drawknife on the shaving horse. I made the center thwart 33" long, about 3" wide in the middle, and tapering to about 2" wide at the ends. It varied in thickness from about 1" in the middle to about 1/2" at the ends. Next I shaved down two mid-thwarts, each about 27" long and about 2" wide and about 1/2" thick, and finally two end thwarts, each about 12" long, 1 1/2" wide, and about 1/4" thick.

Taking stock, so far I had gathered all my lashings from roots I had collected myself from the bogs, but I had gone to a log yard to buy the logs for ribs and sheathing, (which, by the way, cost \$20 for the two 5' logs). For the 15' gunwales I made the mistake of trying to split them off from a quartered and dried cedar log with spiral grain. Result, a piece with a lot of twist from one end to the other. So I resolved to go to the woods for better gunwales from a straight-grained cedar tree standing in the woods.

I finally found a straight-grained one on county lands eight miles north of Lake Superior's north shore. It was about 14" inches in diameter at the base and had only a few small branches on one side about 13' up. I paid the county forester \$25 for it, cut it down, and found it was about 110 years old.

Using a couple of hatchets, a Buck knife, and wooden wedges I made by hand, I split off the top half of the 16' log, split that into quarters, and split the best quality quarter into eighths. I then split one eighth into two 16' sticks about 2"x3" and then split off the sapwood portion for the two inwales. The other eighth I split the same but made the two outwales out of the sapwood this time. It was slow, unfamiliar work for me and took more than a week.

Back home in the yard I spent several weeks shaving out both the inwales and the outwales from the pieces I'd gotten up north using the old-fashioned but effective shaving bench (schnitzelbank) where my feet were used to clamp down on the piece of wood being shaved, leaving hands free to wield a sharp two-handled shaving knife. I shaved the inwales down to 1 1/4" high by about 3/4" wide and tapered the ends to about 1" high and 1/2" wide. I also shaved off, chamfered, what would be the lower outside corner of the inwale, the space the rib ends would fit into when wedged into the canoe. The outwales were about the same height but only 1/2" wide.

Beside the inwales and outwales a birchbark canoe needs a thinner topwale that is pegged on top of the inwales and outwales to protect the root lashings underneath during paddling. I had earlier split out ¼"x1½" topwales about 15' long from a quartered cedar log I'd soaked in a pond.

Now with inwales, outwales, and topwales roughly shaved, I used my "crooked knife," converted from an old hoof knife, to smooth them down. The crooked knife is usually the tool of choice among makers of birchbark canoes but I found it took practice to learn to draw the knife smoothly toward me instead of whittling away from the body.

Next I trimmed the ends of all the thwarts into ¼" thick "tenons" using a utility knife and mortised them into the inwales. Then with a gimlet I carefully drilled two holes for lashing about 2" inches in from the ends of each tenon and countersunk the holes so the sharp hole edge wouldn't cut the roots. The thwart would later be lashed through these holes at the same time the inwales and outwales were wrapped, sandwiching the bark between them. Having to do ten mortises, two for each thwart, meant my skill and speed increased as I went along. It was a pleasantly predictable task after the unpredictability of splitting out the gunwales.

Afterwards I temporarily lashed the inwale ends together with roots, spread the inwales apart in the middle, inserted the middle thwart, and then fitted the shorter thwarts in place. Now with the thwarts in place and the ends lashed together, the inwales at least were shaped like a canoe! I put them aside until I was ready to insert them into the bark.

I had already split out and shaved down ¾" thick "headboards" about 18" long and 4" wide from the same cedar logs from which I got the ribs and sheathing. These would be placed about a foot from each end of the canoe and have notches in their "shoulders" where the gunwales tapering towards the ends would fit in and rest and also a notch in the tapered bottom that would fit over the curved stem piece.

A total new experience for me was using boiling water to make the curved stem pieces. First I carefully and tediously split 3' long cedar sticks, each about 1½"x ¾" into eight plies, ladled boiling water on them, then bent them over my knee and staked them to the ground in the approximate curving shape I wanted for both bow and stern.

Now that I had all the wooden parts of the canoe made, I made a building frame. I would later use this to lay flat on the bark, then I would bend the bark up around it to form the sides of the canoe. I made the frame about 13' long from a couple of split-off pieces of cedar, lashed their two ends together, and then spread them in the middle by inserting five cross pieces, the longest at 30" being the middle one, and then shorter ones toward the ends to create a canoe shape. This would be the dimensions of the canoe bottom.

Finding good birchbark can be a real challenge. I learned how much it varies in quality while looking for bark during three seasons in several state forests. I wanted a straight tree, hopefully without branches for 15' or 20', and as large as possible, at least 12" to 16" in diameter. The little horizontal lines on the bark, the lenticels, should preferably be short and not open up when taking a sample of the bark and bending it parallel to the lenticels. And it should be fairly free of rough darker blotches and be close to ⅛" thick.

In the middle of making all the wooden parts of the canoe described above, I found a tree with very good bark in the month of June, during my first season of searching when I should have been finishing up the wooden parts.

It was about 15" in diameter at knee height, very straight, had short lenticels and thick, high quality bark. The logger who'd already marked this tree for cutting later in the year didn't want me to fell it to remove the bark as he was afraid of lowering the wood quality if it laid on the ground for a while. So I agreed that I would collect the bark from the standing tree and paid him \$10 for it.

A friend agreed to help me collect the bark, at least we were friends before he learned we could only drive to within a mile of the tree and each had to carry half a 24' extension ladder along a muddy woods road the rest of the way across the outlet of a beaver dam balancing precariously on hummocks while slapping mosquitoes.

At the tree we put the extension ladder together with some difficulty and laid it up against the big birch after first making the horizontal bottom cut around the tree's circumference about 4' above the ground to avoid rough, dark bark at the tree's base. Climbing up, I bungee-corded the ladder's top rung to the tree and began making the horizontal top cut, then the vertical cut while my friend steadied the ladder below. For a beginner, it's tricky making these cuts as they have to be cut with the utility knife in one hand while holding onto the tree with the other since the ladder is at a steep angle close to the tree. This is especially true if attempting to peel a canoe-length piece of bark like we were.

June is known to be the best month for peeling bark and May and June had been very wet, making bark removal even easier. Shortly after being sliced the bark almost popped off. That was the easy part, next came the challenge of carefully lowering the 16' or 17' long piece of bark from beneath the ladder without splitting it. Our piece, high quality though it was (about 45 inches wide with short lenticels) did suffer a couple of splits halfway across as I awkwardly lowered it to the ground while descending the ladder at the same time. A builder can use these splits for the gores that must be cut, edges overlapped slightly and sewn up, so that a roughly rectangular piece of bark will taper toward the canoe ends. Newly peeled bark tends to curl slightly inside out so it was easy to roll it up and carry it with the fresh, birchy smelling orange-yellow side out.

That 16' long, high quality piece I just described was the bark I should have used. But I made the beginner's big mistake of not having all my other canoe parts ready. Instead, because it was June I rushed off to collect bark which is very satisfying and probably the most instantly rewarding of canoe-making steps. Sure, you can store the stuff indefinitely but bending, trimming, sewing, and generally handling fresh moist bark is much easier than dealing with dried, rolled up, or even flattened old bark.

Instead I found myself out in the colorful mid-September woods alone searching until I found two good-sized birches with acceptable but not real high quality bark. I ended up having to sew two pieces together to get enough bark for a 15' canoe. One tree yielded a piece 7' long, 42" wide, and the other 8½' by about 40". The first tree took about

three hours to peel, the second more than ten hours, partly because it was so late in the season and partly because the bark was sticking more and I was real careful to avoid tears and splits. I'd made spatula-shaped flat sticks to run under the bark to very gently loosen it and had to do a lot of maneuvering with my 12" ladder around the second tree since it was in a clump of two trunks which made it hard to get at the bark all around the trunk.

Once birchbark is off the tree it is rolled up inside out, the yellow-orange side out. Back home I stood the rolls up on end over a stake in the ground next to each other (like giant scrolls), overlapped the end of one 3" over the other, and sewed them together. I sat on one side and a helper on the other. We each had an awl to punch a hole through both bark sheets and then passed a wetted length of split root, sharpened on the ends, through the hole until half the length was on each side. The person on the outer (white side of the bark) then gives a half twist on his end of the root, we make another hole about an inch down, and each shoved his end of the root through the same hole to the other side, grabbed the other guy's root tip coming through to our side, pulled tight, and repeated the operation until we had stitched a line of 33 double-thong stitches the whole width of the bark pieces. The half twist of the root on the inside assures that the "round" side of the root will always show on the outside (yellow-orange side) of the canoe. Now I had a piece of bottom bark more than 15' long.

Then, under the shade of large tarps I laid out a 16' long, 5' wide building bed on level ground. I smoothed it out with the edge of a board, filling in low spots with loose dirt. Then I drove a stake at each end, tied a string taut between them, and made sure that the middle of the bed was about an 1" to 1½" higher than the ends of the bed before raking it smooth. The slightly higher middle is to counteract the tendency for the canoe to have too much "rocker," the upsweep of the canoe bottom toward each end. If the canoe is designed to run rapids you might want more rocker, but I only wanted slight rocker for paddling in flat water.

Putting the Canoe Together

With all materials ready, I laid the building frame on the building bed and drove stakes in about 18" apart all around the edges of the frame. Then I pulled the stakes out, carefully leaving the holes, laid the whole piece of bark down over the holes centering it, and replaced the frame on top of the bark this time. Next I weighted down the frame its full length with rocks and bricks, wet the bark with hot water, and starting in the middle and, working toward the ends, carefully bent up the bark and replaced the stakes in their holes.

Now, how do I reduce a rectangular piece of bark to one that gets narrower and narrower at each end? Gore cuts. I started at the middle of the frame working toward the ends and made vertical cuts in the bark down to the frame and about a foot apart. Then with one or two helpers (several pairs of hands are really needed here) I used some of the ribs I'd already shaved out by clamping them horizontally (using flat sticks tied vertically to the stakes) on both sides of the staked-up bark. We also raised the canoe ends 2" to 3" by putting boards underneath for rocker. Then we sewed up the gore cuts, bottom to top, with smaller spruce roots while lapping the bow

side of the gore cut over the stern side. Using a smooth awl to make holes, we sewed from inside out, inside the stitches are diagonal about 1½" long, but outside they are horizontal and ½" long.

Besides the 16' long piece serving as the bottom bark, I had peeled slightly thinner bark from a 10" thick tree that would serve well as side bark. The piece was only about 30" wide and about 7' long and when cut in two (15"x7") would serve well for the middle third of the canoe where the bottom bark would not be wide enough for the gunwale-to-gunwale distance across the bottom. The bottom bark should be a good 8" wider than the frame in the middle so there are 4" on each side to which to sew the side bark. The bottom bark should overlap the side bark about 3" and be outside the side bark when they are sewn together.

Once the side bark was clamped in place, we sewed it to the bottom bark using the same double-thong stitch we used to sew the two pieces of bottom bark together. Of course, that meant the helper had to carefully sit inside the canoe on the boards laid on top of the frame. These stitches are tedious and one learns by doing, but it is satisfying once a whole line of them is completed along each side.

I next marked on the ground outside the bark exactly where the ends of the frame were located, then took the rocks and boards off the frame, carefully pulled it out from the upturned bark, and replaced it with boards weighted down with rocks. I placed the stem pieces at each end and put the bottom-notched headboards on the stem pieces exactly where the ends of the frame had been according to the marks I'd made.

Now picking up the inwales with their inserted thwarts I had set aside, I fitted them inside the upturned, staked bark, putting the last 10" or so of the gunwales as close to the headboard's "shoulder" notches as possible. To set the inwales at the correct height I cut six "sheer" sticks, each 12" long, and placed two under the middle and each intermediate length thwart, resting them on a pad of bark to protect the bottom bark, then tied or notched them to the thwart so they were very straight. Now I could cut off the excess height of the side bark, leaving the remainder protruding about 1½" above the inwale. Then, with a helper, I clamped the outwales on the outside of the bark, sandwiching the bark between inwales and outwales. Next I slipped 4"x12" pieces of bark with designs scraped into them under the outwales from about mid-canoe to the bow.

Eight ribs would be placed between each thwart and three ribs between each end thwart and each headboard so I marked the locations of the ribs on the gunwales and in every other space between the ribs, I bored a hole with a ⅜" gimlet through outwale, bark, and inwale. Then I carefully drove a black ash peg through the hole to clamp the bark firmly between outwale and inwale. The bark sticking up between inwale and outwale was trimmed flush with the wale tops, except for a 2" wide tab of bark between each rib.

With the roots soaking in hot water, we began the job of lashing the inwales and outwales tightly together with the bark between. The bark tabs sticking up would be bent over the inwale and lashed down with about six to eight wraps between each rib location, the roots passing about two times through each of the three to four holes we made in the bark beneath the wales.

We started with a couple of wraps before the center thwart, passed the root two to

three times through each hole in the thwart end, and finished off with a couple of wraps before ending by sticking the cut end under the last wrap. In this manner we made lashings about 2½" wide on both sides of the canoe all the way up to and including the end thwarts. In all we completed a total of 80 lashings, 40 per side.

To get the upsweep of the inwales and outwales at the canoe ends we poured hot water on them and then bent them up to the notches in the shoulders of the headboards. Next we drilled holes horizontally through the stem piece and the two inwales and lashed the inwale ends together and to the stem piece as they butted up against it. Now it was really looking like a canoe.

We trimmed the bark on the canoe ends to conform to the curve of the end pieces. Then we placed a ⅜" wide strip of bark the whole length of the stem pieces in between the converging bark from both sides, this would cut the water in the bow. Then we augured holes in the bark and stem pieces and lashed the bark from both sides onto the stem piece from the bottom up to the gunwales.

Between the stem piece and the headboard on both bow and stern, I now made a little bark "deck" about 8" long that I slipped under the outwales and which extended down both sides of the canoe about 3". Then I lashed the outwales to the inwales just behind the protruding stem piece, thus clamping down the deck.

To keep the ribs (that we would soon insert) from spreading the gunwales too much, we cut five notched "restrainer" sticks, the notches fitting over the gunwales.

To bend the permanent ribs we first made a 4"x4" steam box a little over 5' long of 1½" thick polystyrene foam and bought a steam kettle and 1½" radiator hose to connect it to the box. After I had soaked the ribs in water overnight I laid them across the gunwales, (eight between each thwart) and marked them about 2" inside of where they crossed the gunwales as a guide for bending them. We then put two at a time in the steam box and steamed them for about four minutes. We then bent the two together by placing our feet just inside the markings and pulling slowly up on the ends. It's amazing how pliant white cedar becomes through steaming.

While they were still hot we placed the ribs side by side in the canoe, forcing them down against the bottom and against the side bark. We held them there by clamping the rib ends to the gunwales and with cross sticks cut to length pushing them against the sides. Later the rib ends would be cut off a little above the gunwales and the ends tapered and fitted into the bark on top of the sheathing. We left all 38 drying in the canoe overnight and next day numbered them consecutively as we took them out.

It was now time to plug up the canoe seams and small flaws that were visible on the inside of the canoe. We did this by melting spruce gum and a little fat over a Coleman stove, adding powdered charcoal, stirring the mixture, and using it to stick small pieces of tanned deerskin over the seams and flaws, then covering the skin with more of the mixture. Later, much more of the gum mixture would be applied to the root stitches on the outside of the canoe.

Earlier I had bent four temporary ribs by pouring boiling water I'd heated on a gas grill over them and wedged them loosely into the canoe, one each for the four spaces between

the thwarts. We soaked the sheathing pieces overnight so they would be a bit "stickier" and placed the first piece of sheathing under the bottom end of the bow stem piece. Then we placed the next pieces overlapping the one below up both sides to within about 2" of the gunwales, wedging in the temporary rib more tightly to hold the sheathing in place. We repeated this process at the stern of the canoe, working toward the middle until all the sheathing was properly overlapping the one below, with the temporary ribs holding them in place against the sides. This is really a two or three person job!

Now we started to insert the numbered permanent ribs, first determining one by one (starting with #1 whose midpoint fits under the bottom of the stem piece in either bow or stern) how much to cut off their ends by first angling them in ends first toward their location, gently tapping and wedging them upright into place with a wooden or rubber mallet, then marking on their ends sticking above the gunwale where the ends would be cut off, about 1" to 1½" inches above the gunwale. This added 1" to 1½" length makes up for spreading of the sides when the rib ends are tapered and actually inserted under the inwales' chamfers on their lower outer edge. Naturally it's better to overestimate this amount at first and keep whittling a bit off the ends rather than under-estimate! While doing this measuring and refitting we poured hot water on the portion of the bark that would be under the rib to soften it up and ease placement a bit.

With the ribs all inserted it really looked like a canoe. But to protect the root lashings over the gunwales during paddling we had to peg on the topwale the full length of the gunwales, as mentioned they measured about 1¼" inches wide, ¼" thick, and 15' long. We began by pegging them every 6" alternately into inwale and outwale, starting at mid-canoe, drilling ⅛" holes and gently pounding in black ash pegs about 1¼" long. I was worried about bending the topwales edgewise toward bow and stern but the canoe-maker's old friend, boiling water, applied liberally on them, made the bending pretty easy.

The construction was complete, but a very important last step remained, making the seams waterproof. I inverted my 15-footer on a couple of saw horses, then mixed up a new batch of melted spruce gum, powdered charcoal, and a little melted suet, lacking the traditional bear fat. Yes, I ultimately wavered even further from the traditional by using Crisco! I daubed this fragrant, sticky mixture on all the stitches that held the two bottom bark pieces together, the stitched gore cuts, and the lashings on bow and stern.

By hosing a couple of inches of water into the canoe while it sat a bit on level ground I was able to pinpoint leaks on the underside after I dumped the water and flipped it over for inspection. Then I brushed more of that hot black gum-charcoal-fat combination on the leaky spots.

After a couple short launchings in local lakes and a bit more gumming I finally paddled it on a nine-mile trip on Minnesota's St Croix "Wild River." I'd love to say it was totally dry. But in the interest of full disclosure, I had to daub occasionally with a small sponge. This brought to mind that almost flawless, beautiful, 16' first piece of birch-bark I gathered much too early in the building process. Live and learn.

Fred courted me sailing his 16' Class X daysailer and for most of our married life we have owned a sailboat. In the mid-1970s, after we had moved from Minnesota to Maryland, we bought an Island 17 daysailer and sailed in Lake Codorus in Pennsylvania as well as on the Chesapeake. However, we found that summer sailing on the Bay was hot and frequently disappointing as the wind would die and we had to paddle to get back to the pier. Consequently, by 1985 we were thinking about different boats.

We went to the October 1985 Annapolis Boat Show where we met Reuben Trane and saw his line of Hen boats. We were hooked, a trailerable boat with a Bimini, useful cuddy cabin, and motor. We talked about it for a few months and in February 1986 drove to Miami to try sailing one. Reuben took us for a quick sail and we ordered our boat, a 21' Bay Hen, blue hull and white gaff-rigged sail with rainbow stripe. However, we didn't order the cockpit tent as we thought it was just too hot and buggy on the Bay to consider ever spending the night on our boat. We just needed the Bimini. We returned in June and took delivery.

We thought about names and decided on the palindromic *Toyot*. The name encompassed both our scientific bent as well as spoofing the grandiose yachts that we found ourselves among in Annapolis. Our son-in-law, who worked for Toyota, was able to get a partially used letter set which we fixed to the stern of our toy.

Next we had to learn to launch and sail her. We probably made every mistake possible from forgetting to put in the drain plug to not understanding how to tie the reef lines. In fact, I think we sailed for about five years before we discovered that you tie the reefs under the sail, not to the boom (so that is what "loose-footed" meant), and that the cleat on the boom is for shortening the lower lazy jack so the boom didn't hit the boom crutch when the sail was reefed.

We also had our mast crack twice. After having it welded together the second time we took our boat to a shop in Annapolis and had side and forestays attached. These do not interfere with lowering or raising the mast as only the forestay needs to be released or reattached and this only takes a few seconds.

For many years we made day trips to the Bay and usually sailed out of Annapolis until there was just too much motorboat traffic. We found that we could cross the bridge, launch out of Shipping Creek on Kent Island, and have much nicer sailing away from all the traffic. We sailed the Bay for years before

A Short History of *Toyot*

By Ann Abeles

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

discovering any other Hen boats until one day another Bay Hen chased us down and we met Ken Murphy, the driving force behind the Shallow Water Sailors. He invited us to join the club and cruise with other shallow draft boats.

We always put him off because we had never equipped the boat for overnight accommodations but finally in 2005 we decided that perhaps we could do it. By this time we had retired from our jobs, taken up bicycling, and learned to tent camp (instead of always being in an RV). We bought a camp stove and some large plastic storage containers. We spent the week before the May 2005 SWS cruise getting the boat ready and planning how we would manage.

We joined the club for their weekend cruise out of Langford Creek off the Chester River and learned a lot. Fred calls the experience our "slave ship" re-enactment. The best parts of the cruise were the sailing and the rafted-up cockpit times. The worst were that all bodily functions were performed within inches of each other. It is a good thing we have been married a long time. Cooking was done in the cockpit with a Coleman propane stove precariously balanced on one bench across from me and Fred banished to a corner wedged in beside the motor and the tiller.

After dishes were done we prepared the cabin for sleeping. The port-a-potty, alias the "treasure chest," and cold chests were moved out to the cockpit. The floor cushions were unfolded and our sleeping bags and pillows arranged on top. I worried a lot about bugs since we had no screens and no obvious way to mount them. Fortunately the weather was cool and the cruise took place before major bug season. One other problem was that we had no way of keeping the cockpit area dry or protecting the hatchway into the cabin if there was rain.

It was April of 2007 before we attempted another cruise with the club. This time the cruisers met at Colton's Point off St Clement's Creek near Leonardstown, Maryland. As I had a meeting in the morning we weren't able to leave until Friday afternoon and the weather was a bit iffy. We brought along a plastic tarp to use as a rain shield just in case. Of course, it started to rain as we motored out to meet the

rest of the boats. The rain let up so we could socialize and make dinner. We then stretched the tarp over the hatchway and over the Bimini for the night as we expected more rain.

We had a thunderstorm in the night and discovered that the plastic made a lot of noise flopping in the wind. In the morning we discovered a couple of inches of water in the cockpit that had to be bailed out before I could make breakfast. We needed a better solution.

Our next cruise was a few weeks later when we returned to Colton's Point for a solo weekend. In the interval between cruises we purchased a very large (12'x16') \$70 nylon tarp from Campmor. After dinner we put the mast down and spread the tarp from the boom crutch forward and tied it down with ropes and bungee cords. It was BIG. It did keep us dry overnight but the wind caused it to flop around noisily. A solution was going to require some thought and modification. We had a lovely weekend, including a visit to St Clements Island and a dinner at the Morris Point Restaurant.

Our next cruise wasn't until May 2008 and I had forgotten to make modifications to the tarp. Although the initial forecast was for bad weather it turned out to be a lovely weekend. Sailing was great and included a run across the Chester River and a visit to the Eastern Neck National Wildlife Refuge. Saturday night it looked like rain so we spread out the big green tarp again. We did a slightly better job of tying it down but I knew that it had to be modified before our next trip. I also decided that our sleeping arrangement of parallel bodies needed changing as both of us do not fit comfortably unless we are on our sides and not flat.

After we returned home I got to work on cutting the tarp down to size. We used an old polyethylene tarp to make a pattern and cut it away until we had an oval with the ends squared off. I cut off about 2.5' from one end and took tucks in the sides to reshape the green tarp. Then I added zippers and a triangular piece to the front so we could close off the "wind tunnel." Finally we added some grommets along the new edge and constructed some hooks from bungees so we could attach the tarp along the gunwales of our boat.

Our new tarp arrangement got a good trial on our recent cruise on the Chickahominy River in Virginia in May. We found that we stayed warmer with it around us and now the cockpit stayed dry and usable even when it rained. I also changed our sleeping arrangement to head to toe and that gave us more turning space. Now, if only there was a better solution for the potty.



PocketShip is a shoal-draft cruising sailboat of refined model, meant to sail well on all points, provide dry camping accommodations for one or two adults, and trailer behind a four-cylinder car.

John C. Harris designed this fast-sailing pocket cruiser with a dry and commodious interior. PocketShip's nicely proportioned hull was drawn for easy stitch-and-glue construction. The cockpit is laid out for daysailing comfort and is large enough for sleeping on warm nights. Auxiliary propulsion is a pair of oars or a yuloh which will drive the boat at a couple of knots when the wind doesn't suit. PocketShip can carry a small outboard for those who simply cannot go sailing without gasoline.

Interior arrangements are ample, we think bigger and more comfortable than anything else this size, without compromising PocketShip's looks and performance. Two adults may sleep below or wait out a rain shower in the well-ventilated cabin which measures 60sf. The "romper room" style layout with no dollhouse-scale built-in furniture permits restful lounging below at anchor or under sail. A portable head stows beneath the cockpit, sliding forward into the cuddy for use. There's enough locker space for multi-week unsupported cruising.



PocketShip

The Perfect Pocket Cruiser
By Chesapeake Light Craft

PocketShip

Length on Deck: 14' 10"

Length Overall: 18' 6"

Beam: 6' 3"

Draft (Board Up): 16"

Draft (Board Down): 40"

Sail Area: 148sf

Displacement (Rigged): 800lbs

Max Displacement: 1,600lbs

Plans: \$199

Kit: \$3,350

Visit Chesapeake Light Craft's
website at www.clcboats.com
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PocketShip is stiff and fast and tacks through 90 degrees. The helm is light and the boat will spin nearly in its own length in both light and heavy air and with a variety of sail combinations. We are thrilled with performance and handling, all expectations have been exceeded. While a solo sailor can manage everything from the helm, up to four adults may sit in the cockpit. PocketShip is an excellent ghoster in light air, but tuck in a reef and she's snug in 18-20 knots. There's a big spread of sail, twice what you'll find in some 15' pocket cruisers, and a reaching spinnaker tacked to the end of the bowsprit functions as a turbo charger. One hundred twenty pounds of lead cast in the hollow keel and 150 pounds of inside ballast keep her on her feet while built-in foam and the wood structure provide over 1,000lbs of positive buoyancy.

PocketShip is built of plywood and sheathed inside and out with fiberglass. No mold is necessary, the hull is built upright with bulkheads and frames forming the elegant shape. Construction is within reach of anyone who has built a stitch-and-glue dinghy or kayak. The prototype consumed about 525 hours, a typical amateur builder might require 30 weekends and occasional evenings to see this one through.



Visit Chesapeake Light Craft's website at: www.clcboats.com – email: info@clcboats.com –
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On August 5, Delaware River TSCA members gathered in the cool evening air at the Red Dragon Canoe Club to admire *Quiet Time*, Frank Stauss' 19' Weekender that he launched in May. He described to us the 28-month process of building the boat. Aided by detailed plans, video-tapes, and the active online community at backyardboatbuilder.com, Frank had more than enough support and encouragement for the project, the third vessel that he has built on his side of the garage. "Keeping peace in the family is as important as selecting the right screws," Frank advised us.

The Weekender is a popular design on the West Coast and Frank's hull, #767, attests to the number of models built. Frank was first drawn to the plans by Stevenson Projects when he was finishing his guideboat several years ago. He was attracted to the Weekender since it reminded him of "a Friendship sloop with

The Weekender

Reprinted from *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA

a bit of a skipjack thrown in." With a modest cabin (Frank's tall frame can sleep sideways in it), a roomy cockpit, and all the details and fittings of a much larger vessel, the Weekender is an appealing, trailerable cruiser. She is also an adept boat that points well to windward and tacks easily. Frank's only complaint, if it is one at all, is that she is tippy when up on the deck and one has to be very careful when maneuvering around the shrouds.

Built of okoume plywood with mahogany accents, the Weekender goes together easily since she is essentially a box. Frank challenged us to identify the butt-joints on the sides and noted with pride that she leaks only

at the mast in heavy rain. Carefully applied fiberglass, three coats of epoxy, and the meticulous varnishing that we have come to expect from Frank make her a well-crafted vessel.

Among the most impressive elements were her bronze cleats which Frank cast during a course in sandcasting at the *Wooden-Boat* school two summers ago. Additional bronze hardware was tracked down through various suppliers, adding to the high level of finish and quality she sports deadlights in place of the plexiglass windows specified in the plans. Frank also altered the seats in the cockpit to allow for more leg room and replaced the wheel with a tiller.

Frank explained that the phrase "quiet time" is a police term that refers to the hours between 4am and 6am when officers want things to be calm and peaceful. The boat should offer Frank and his wife Mary plenty of enjoyment and quiet times.

Frank's Weekender, *Quiet Time*, happily afloat at her mooring on Union Lake after 28 months of careful construction.

Frank graciously brought *Quiet Time* to the meeting to describe the building process. Here he is explaining how the house sides and hatch-
es are finished.



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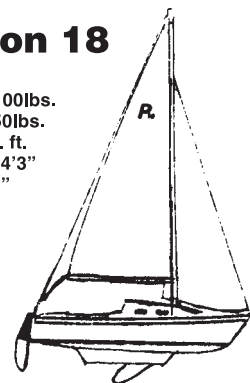
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FERNALD'S MARINE

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This little beauty began as a plywood version of a Laser, a well-known racing sailboat. The three panels per side enabled it to sail with a long, narrow shape in the water at an angle of heel. Racing sailboats are usually overcanvassed to press them to their limit of balance and heel. The panels Mr Messer designed certainly will do that.

Then a yacht designer in Mr Messer's area was looking for a hard-chined tender to go with one of his yacht designs. After a phone call Warren then gave Laura Bay less sail area, an Optimist sail, a would-be fitting for a tender.

Now the design changed from racing to convenience. After gluing the hull together Warren began to think about the interior of the boat. At this point Laura Bay was now a different craft. He came up with a movable seat arrangement for different rowing positions and a removable mast partner. He gave it a wide dagger board trunk which can double as a seat. In other words, he gave Laura Bay choices for the interior.

You can do that with stitch-and-glue. Since this method doesn't need frames, stern knees, inside keels, three part stems, and other members, the choices for use are greater. Not to mention the boat being lighter.

This is not an easy boat to build. You'll need a variety of tools, chemicals, clamps, and saws. Each aspect of the boat has its own particular building techniques and sequences. Boat building is all about sequence. If you do things in the right order they get easier as you go along.

As Warren has finished Laura Bay it is no longer a racing machine, although it glides easily at any pace. The multiple panels can be raced, given enough sail area, but why not use this boat as a family skiff? And since the panels create very little resistance without confusing the water when it slides below the hull, Laura Bay excels as a rowboat or tender.

There is no more enjoyable exercise than rowing over pacified water, leaving two slender lines of ripple to disappear behind your dipping oars.

Building the Boat

The first thing about stitch-and-glue building is that you have to be aware of the symmetry of the boat at every step. You don't have the frames or jig to take care of that, so when the panels are stitched you'll have to make sure the entire hull is aligned and level.

The second thing about this method is the panel shapes have to be quite accurate. Fortunately they can be shaped before you get too far along.

There are two decisions stitch-and-glue builders make. One is how far apart the drill holes should be. They will be closer at the bow, on Laura Bay they are 3" apart on the first 18"-24". The second decision is how tight the wires should be. Since you'll have to bend the panel without enlarging the drill hole, Warren uses a medium Phillips screwdriver to twist the wires tighter.

Keep in mind it is better to bevel the panel edges, even though glue will bury the edge. They'll fit closer and put less strain on the wires if the edges are beveled. Just as in carvel and lapstrake, if a panel is lofted just as the plans say, that doesn't mean you won't need some fairing. If an edge is over or under where it should be it will come up short on its overall length. Some wood will always bend differently than other wood so, as the builder, be prepared to fair the panels as they are needed.

Laura Bay

A Multi-Chine Version of a Laser Designed by Warren Messer

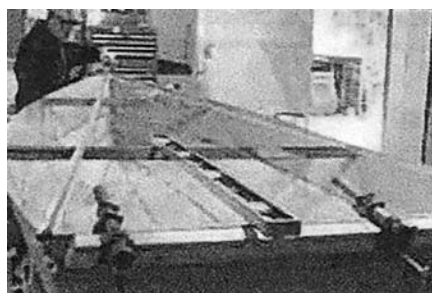
By Paul Austin, Jr
Reprinted from *Under Ten Feet*



Warren recommends drilling a few holes, then wiring them up, then drilling a few more. I have done two panels at once, one on either side of the garboards, to keep the panels square. Maybe it worked, or maybe it didn't.



You can see from the photo the panels will have to be drawn together for the stem. This means the boat must be kept level and square. When the stern is on a measurement can be taken from the bow to each stern corner. Cross pieces are used to keep the panels spaced and level.



Now we come to the glue. I think gluing is about planning. If you plan out your day, it's not difficult work. It's about preparing with enough glue, having some space to keep everything at hand, and staying cleaned up.

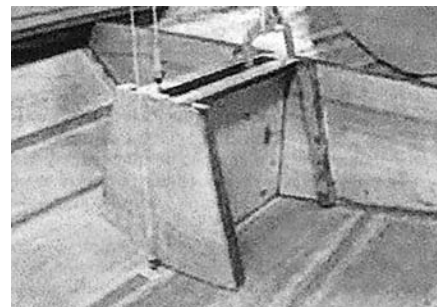
So give yourself at least one day to rehearse your steps in mixing the glue, applying the fillet, laying one layer of tape, then laying the second layer of tape, and finally making sure the boat is square and level.

As there is plenty of mixing and gluing to do, give yourself a lazy day in which to do it. I think to apply glue to a stitch-and-glue boat you need plenty of room around the boat and the ability to reach into the boat comfortably to the bottom seams.

Of course, in warmer climates any glue reacts quicker. Do you have enough glue, filler, and mixer for the entire day's work? How much will you do before you stop for the night? How will you prop the boat up while you're working if you accidentally knock it over?

Part 2 of Warren's Duckworks series gives great details of how he applied the glue to form the panels. I won't repeat it here so I'll go on to the seat wing and daggerboard.

Glue holds the two garboards together at the centerline, not a wood keel. That means the daggerboard case has to have some bottom width so it can be anchored on top of the wood panels, not just on the centerline glue. You can see from the photo the centerboard trunk is anchored to the bulkhead forward and to its aft section across the garboards.

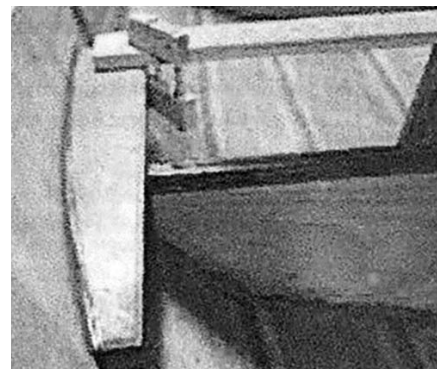


As with any daggerboard case, glassing and gluing the inside and bottom of the case is the key. If you need to, sand the inside and bottom pieces to get the best fit you can. If it's flush you won't get a rush.

In a stitch-and-glue boat it's possible for the panels to weave ever so slightly as they were glued so that a string from stem to stern might not be above the glue line.

Since your daggerboard case is straight, the string line rules. That way the board will be straight to the direction of the boat.

Now we come to two superior ideas, the wing design and removable mast partner. The seat wings are like extensions on seat risers which enable you to move the seat around as you need it. It makes the boat seem larger than it is. The mast partner bends to get in place and to be removed. This means you can remove it for more room or adjust it slightly if you want more or less rake.



If you've built a boat smaller than 10' you know bending wood is the issue. The gunwales will have to go on bow to stern. You can use clamps and glue. You can even notch the gunwales on the inside around the midsection. Some builders have soaked the gunwale in water all night, let it dry while it is in a bent position, and then they put it on.

Once I saw a picture of a fellow who used a heat gun to bend the wood while it was trapped between an easy chair and the bottom of his bed. I think I'd do it in a garage, but if you're an apartment dweller be creative when no one's around. The nice thing about a boat with flare to its sides is that gunwales bend a little easier with the flare, not to mention looking cool.

Laura Bay is glassed on the outside. It probably should be glassed on the inside but you'll have to do it before the interior work goes in. Varnish looks awesome but it doesn't protect the paint or fiberglass. Just remember, any pencil lines you drew on the panels will show through fiberglass in the interior.

The sails and spars with lines are ordered from suppliers but you could make your own. I like the sprit rig with this boat. If you increase the sail area Laura Bay will sprint with any boat its size. It can be fast.

Now all you need is a 35-footer to go with this beautiful little craft.

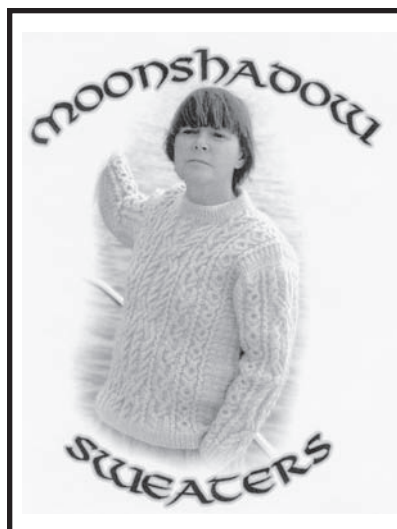
(Editor Comments: Paul also reviewed Phil Bolger's Cartopper and L. Francis Herreshoff's Neira in his August 2008 issue of *Under Ten Feet*. For more about his newsletter contact Paul Austin, Jr, *Under Ten Feet*, Box 166916, Irving, TX 75016.)

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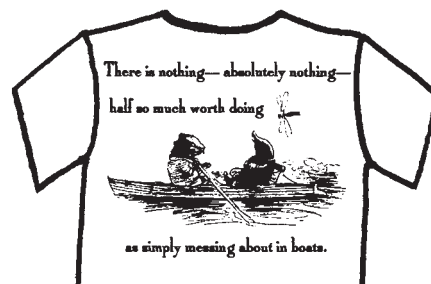
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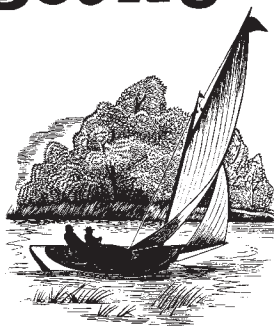
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An Albert Strange Canoe Yawl

Built on the Ashcroft Principle

By Edward Cox

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

This is a canoe yawl which I have built by the Ashcroft System. It was built to one of the last designs of the late Mr Albert Strange. I may say that the boat is very handy and stiff with quite a good turn of speed. There is no doubt that the Ashcroft system brings the art of boat building well within the range of the amateur. I was surprised to find how easily the most difficult curves could be planked.

Staging and Frame on Which the Boat Was Built

"A" Rectangular oblong frame in which the boat is built: This frame is bolted to "B" and is detachable. The keelson moulds, stem, and sternpost, inwale, and two top stringers should be fixed, and the top of moulds run up to top rail of "A". Also, the stem and sternpost should be clipped to the two end rails of "A" and must, therefore, be plumb. "A" should then be inverted, the top rail being bolted to "B" and in this position the remaining stringers can more easily be fixed and boat planked. In fact, she can be practically finished before taking her out of the frame. It took three of us about five minutes to invert.

"B" Top bearer-dead level.

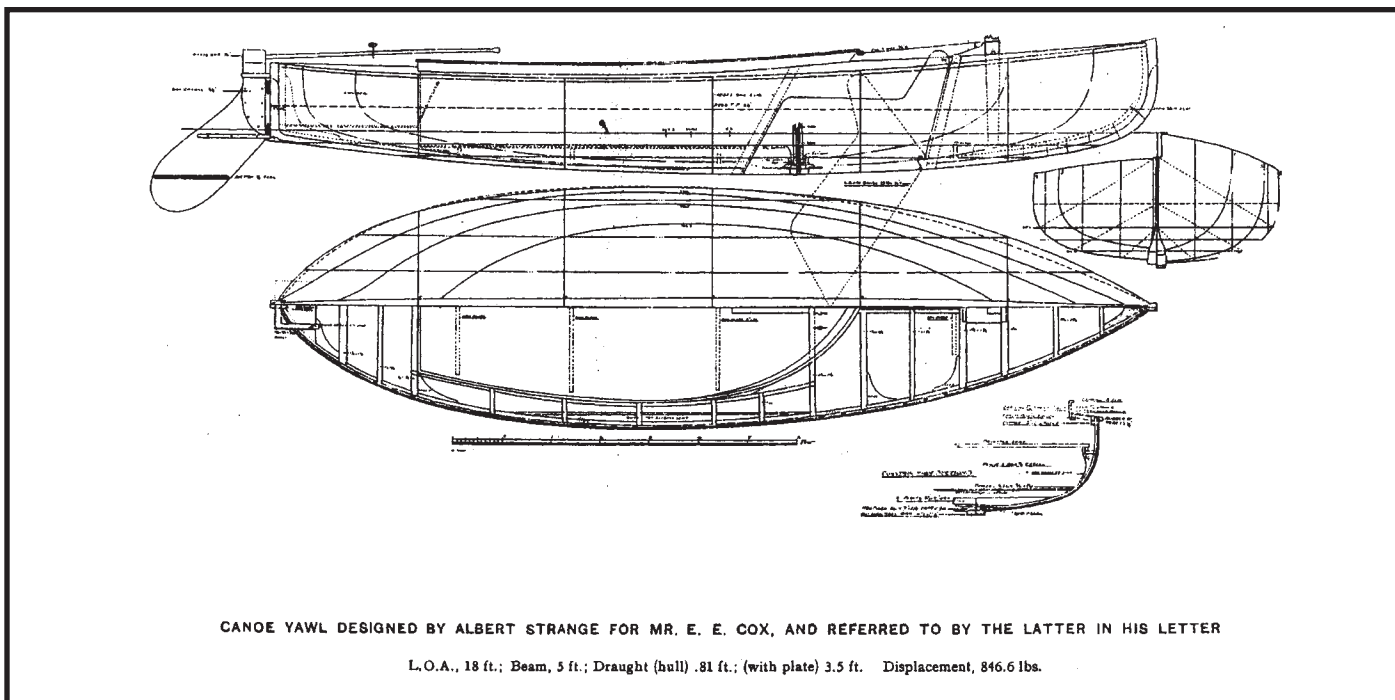
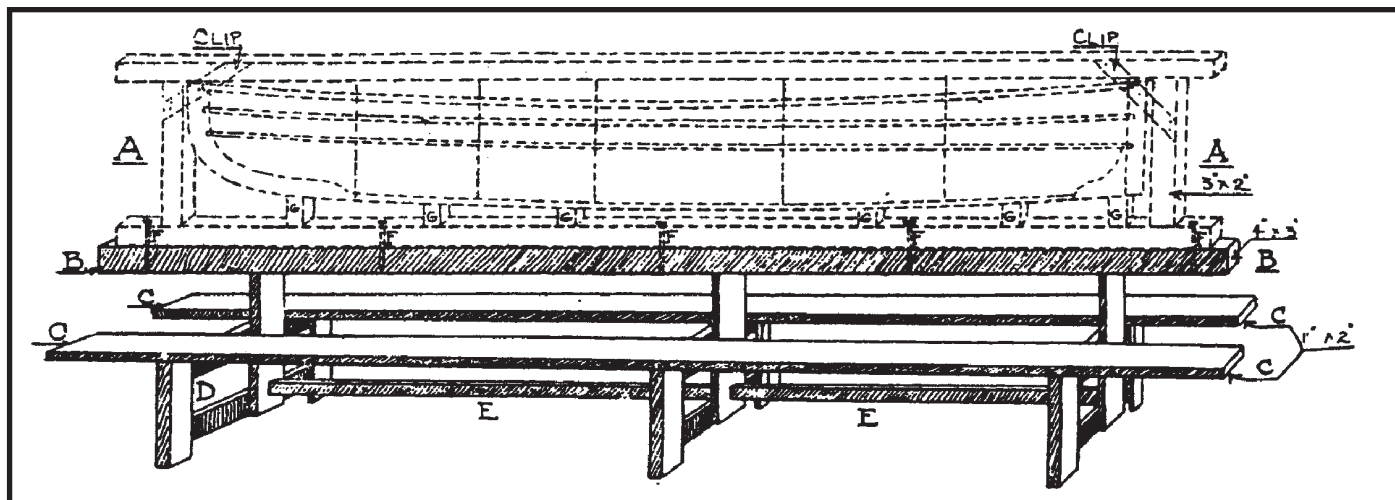
"C" Detachable lay boards. Not used until the "A" is inverted. The riveter can then sit in comfort and reach practically all his work inside the boat while his assistant can walk round the outside on friendly terms with him. A sketch plan showing the boat in frame on the slips would show this best but it is beyond my powers.

"D" Framed uprights to support "A," "B," "C" kept in position by "B" and struts "E."

"F" Approximate position of holding down bolts.

"G" Wedges. A sketch plan showing the boat in frame on the slips would show this best but it is beyond my powers.

I am no carpenter, and, with the exception of a canvas canoe, this is my first attempt at boat building. In my opinion, with the Simplex System a yachtsman's eye for lines is more important than skill as carpenter.



Fafnir is descended from Gimli, a study drawing intended to give an idea what would be required for a race around the world in boats only 10' (3.048m) long (see the Yahoo group "around in 10"). The study drawing was put up on the group's front page along with one from small boat designer Matt Leyden and there was a lot of interest expressed. It sparked an idea for a very much longer voyage in one gentleman's mind and, after some discussion on provisioning and route planning, we settled on 4m long as the limit, a full fixed medium draft keel, some other changes to simplify construction, and plywood rather than foam and fibreglass as the construction medium.

I had to go and find another name, the dwarf warrior being the theme. I looked into Norse mythology and found Fafnir. The son of a dwarf king facing real problems with a dragon, he sent two sons out to deal with the intractable lizard and, after seeing his brother toasted Fafnir, brave, indomitable, and resourceful, went into battle and turned the dragon's lights out. I figure that if you are going voyaging in a very small boat those characteristics will be reassuring on a dark night when the wind howls in the rigging.

Fafnir is much bigger than you'd expect in a boat of this length. Broad, deep, and very strong, "he" is able to carry her crew and stores for a basic diet for three months. That gives a range in favourable winds of about 5,000 miles. As with any small boat in the open sea one would not expect to make much progress to windward when the breeze pipes up, but seasonal winds are well-documented and it's not beyond possibility that this little boat could make long passages safely.

Comfort and variety of position is very important in small boats. Designed to be sailed mostly from the shelter of the cabin, Fafnir has seven good seating places. One is in the "bunk" which stretches fore and aft along the centreline between the seat fronts giving a 2.2m long by 800mm wide flat space with the seats forming side boards that will keep the skipper in his bed when the boats being

Fafnir A Tough Little Cruiser for One or Two

By John Welsford

Length on deck: 13'1" – 4.00m
Beam: 6'2" – 1.9m
Draft: 2'7" – 0.800m
Sail Area: 139sf – 14.9sm
Dry Weight (Estimated): 1430lbs – 650kg
Ballast: 550 lbs – 250 kg
Max Sailing Weight: 2,460lbs – 1,150kg

bounced around. There is space enough here to sit up here and relax partly stretched out.

The next two are the side seats amidships. There is room to lean back with feet braced against the seat on the opposite side and read, steer with the internal tiller, or cook a meal in the little galley under the afterdeck. On good days the companionway steps are a good place to sit with the head just clear of the hatch opening, or higher up in the hatch opening legs inside, or on really nice days you can sit yourself on either side of the little after deck with space enough to sprawl out and sunbathe.

While the interior as designed is intended as a singlehander, the two side seats can be extended across the footwell making an 8' x 5' double bed, so cruising as a couple is quite practical.

The topsides area is designed to offer working space both fore and aft and the cabin top is made of flat panels rather than a cambered arc so that it is easier to clamber along when going forward. That latter is not needed very often as roller furling on both jib and staysail means they can be put away or pulled out easily and the main has three slab reefs all of which can be accessed and actioned without going on deck.

Built from plywood on stringers with plywood frames holding her in shape as well as mounting all the interior furniture, this is an easy build. In fact, it might just be the easiest blue water cruiser to build that I've seen. There is very little twist in the planking, just simple bends, and the cabin has few complexities with even the hatch being laminated from three layers of thin plywood.

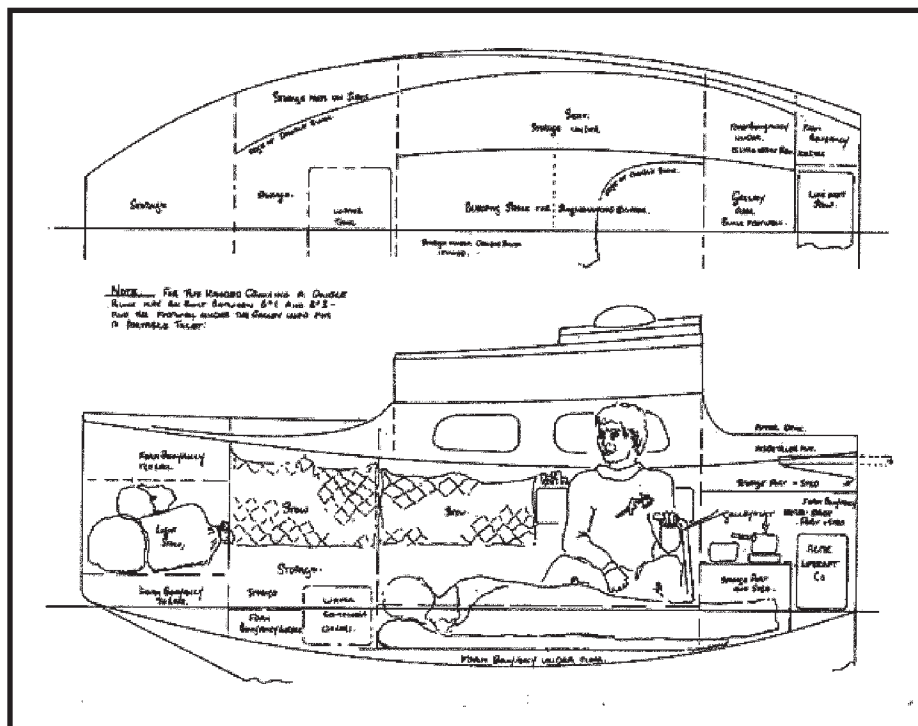
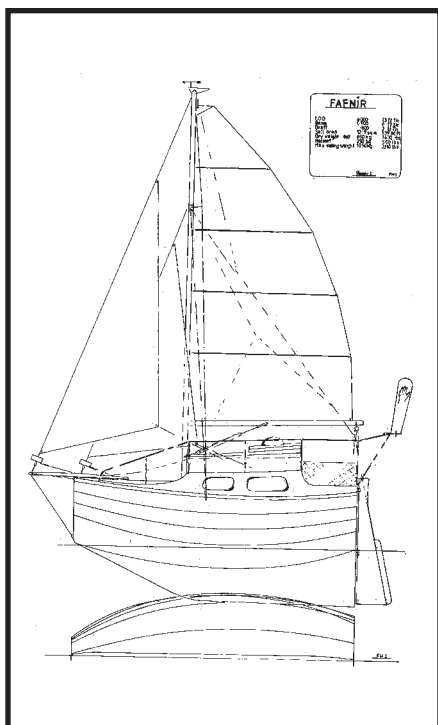
A major issue with the dream of building an ocean-going cruiser is "where?" In this case my original customer needed to be able to build within the confines of a single car garage and Fafnir is intended to fit there and still allow access all around.

"The sunburned skipper looked out over the stubby bowsprit at the long shadow of land under the streamer of tropical cloud. It had been a good trip, surging along in the trades and the routine of keeping ship, navigating, and reading his library of secondhand paperbacks had kept him happily occupied in his own self-contained world. While there was triumph and anticipation in the landfall, there would be fresh stores, more books, a new CD or two of music, and some welcome times with good sailing friends as yet not met, the intrusion of the outside world would be a loss as well.

"He was looking forward to being anchored off a white sand beach, watching the palms nodding in the warm wind, planning and preparing for the next leg of the voyage. It would not be long before the blunt little bow poked out through the pass in the reef and turned downwind for the next long leg of his voyage."

John Welsford, Designer
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The catboat is glorious because she is the winner. She wins because she delivers the most for the least. The most for the least rules nature as well as ruling the market place. Who can deliver the most for the least is sure to be a survivor. And that, in itself, is a win.

Head to head with other kinds of sailboats a catboat delivers more for the least. She has one sail yet can outpoint boats having other rigs. This, no doubt, she can demonstrate this if need be, but with such authorities as Howard I. Chapelle (author of *American Small Sailing Craft*) and John Leather (author of the *Gaff Rig*) saying she can, I guess that is enough.

In our modern era of auxiliary engines the pressure on a sailor to claw his way off a lee shore is not so great as it once was. But even the little sailor in our era wants to keep from cranking up his auxiliary if he can.

And the catboat is fast. Unlike the sandbagger (a sailboat of narrow beam and immense sail area with movable sandbags for ballast) the catboat does not use sandbags but she, too, will stand up to a stiff wind simply because of her beam.

The Glorious Catboat

By Dick Lafferty

So if we have a boat that is weathery and fast we are off to a good start in having a glorious boat. But oddly, it is really her remaining attributes that makes her glorious to the ordinary guy.

The prime thing for the ordinary guy is that she is generally affordable. What helps to make her affordable is that with only one sail she doesn't need a lot of rigging. Rigging itself is not only expensive, it adds to the complexity of the vessel. Every attachment plate to the hull adds to the cost. And additional sails themselves add to the cost.

The other factor that helps to keep her cost down is that she gains her stability with beam rather than a ballasted deep keel. To build deep keels adds to the cost of the boat and the ballast itself adds cost.

By using beam to gain stability rather than a ballasted deep keel, it makes it easier to load a catboat on a trailer. A catboat's trailer can be backed into the water to float her off, but her deep keeled sister would need a dockside hoist to lift her from her trailer. And since a catboat squats low on her trailer, I can board her and work on her without using a 10' high step ladder.

If a hurricane comes (I live in Florida) I can take her out of harm's way. If she needs work, I can haul her to the house. If I cannot sail her for a year or two, I can cover her with a tarp using her mast as the ridge pole. And since she sits low on her trailer she is less likely to be a neighborhood spectacle.

The larger catboats, those 17' and over, can hardly be trailer boats, as that term is generally used, but they can be transported on trailers. That transportability is a great asset. It helps to reduce the overall cost of keeping her and maintaining her. When I am really using her I can rent a slip, and when not I can haul her out.

Catboats can sail in waters that deep-keeled sail boats don't dare to go. The average draft on say an 18' catboat is 2' centerboard up. She can explore those shoal waters. She can anchor off the fairway. She can cut those corners, reaching her destination more directly. The rivers, the bays, even the great man-made lakes would hold no threat to her. And even if an ebb tide were to catch me, such that I couldn't push her off, all she would do is sit there on an even keel.

My own catboat with an 8' beam and length of 17' may be taken as typical. She has a spacious cabin to lounge around in. No little cramped cuddy hole is this. Inside her cabin she is over 7½' wide at the midships bulkhead tapering to the bow. She has a settee on either side 6'4" long which double as bunks and a head is concealed in her peak underneath a hinged lid where the settees warp around to join each other. From sole to cabin trunk roof she is 4'. She has four oblong port-holes bringing in light and a forward hinged hatch cover that can be raised for bringing in a cooling breeze. With this hatch cover raised and her rear hatch cover slid open she is as airy as a shady veranda. She has a folding table astraddle the centerboard case. On the cabin bulkhead there is a counter for radios and cooking and doing dishes. Underneath the counter there is storage space with little doors for access. Compared to tent camping

this little cabin would be paradise.

Rare it would be that a sailboat this short in length would have such a comfortable cabin. And since there are those rainy nasty days, a comfortable cabin could be a blessing.

When it comes to the cockpit, again we have a spacious and comfortable cockpit with a high coaming all around. The coaming acts as a backrest to the seats that line both sides of the cockpit and the stern. The seats are 15" high, not counting the cushions, and underneath the seats is storage space with lockable lids on top. The side seats are roughly 6' long and the seat across the stern is roughly 5' wide. Kids, dog, even a fat relative would be at home here. And since a catboat doesn't lay over in a breeze excessively, I can sail and still eat my sandwiches. Even a dog would appreciate his food not sliding from under his nose.

In the center of the cockpit floor is the engine well for little Renault Friendship Diesel. Its engine cover acts as a table yet there is plenty of surrounding floor space.

Around the entire perimeter of the boat there is a flush deck 10" wide. This deck makes it easy to board her and to tend the sail, anchor, or dock. The rudder is outboard and has a long wooden tiller. And with only one sail I have a minimum of lines and cleats to worry about.

All in all, this is a boat meant to sail and not to work me to death. With her little Diesel she would be good for rivers. With her shoal draft she would be good for bays. With her spacious cabin and cockpit she would be good for family outings.

But just as true she is ideal for the loner. To savor the joy of a quiet sail. To explore. To just poke into here and there. To camp out for a week or two and forget the world. And for the likes of myself, to do some writing on that folding table with my old Olivetti portable.


I've always found it rewarding to let myself be overwhelmed with the beauty of God's creation and in an urban setting this is hard to do. Always there intrudes the noises and commotions of men. Leaf blowers. Lawn mowers. Boom boxes. Cop sirens. City inspectors prowling. Unwanted letters received in the mailbox. How can I appreciate God's creation with my living quarters being beat on by men? Any boat will get me away from this but a catboat does it in yacht comfort without breaking the bank.

Foot for foot a catboat stands with the best. And saying best reminds me of the best catboat story I've read. Nathanael Herreshoff, we know, is regarded as a great boat designer. Well, it seems that he, knowing what a great boat a catboat is, set himself the task of designing a faster catboat.

Now for many years there had been a big catboat race down in New Jersey. Herreshoff's catboat entered the race and swept the fleet. The New Jersey catboater's answer to this was to call off the race for the next year.

Even taking her speed away the catboat still remains glorious. She is glorious because she is possible. She is glorious because she is the gentleman's sailer without the gentleman's price tag. She is glorious because she is just right for the ordinary guy, giving him a real sailboat, that has comfort and performance.

Whatever his whim may be, from sailing down the Tennessee River to sailing the tide lands of Virginia in a catboat, he can do it. The flats of the Florida Keys to the tides of the Bay of Fundy, he can still do it. He can do it because he has the best all around sailboat he can possibly have.



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Canard... Bow Steering That Works!

By Bob Hicks

Over in the eel grass beside the Story's marine railway in Essex, Massachusetts, was one of those Phil Bolger boats, looked a lot like Surf or similar instant boat concepts. But she had a sort of centerboard slot up there in the foredeck. And a couple of cleats athwart the foredeck with slots in them. And another sort of centerboard slot in the rear deck.

"Say Brad, let's take her out for a few minutes, got the time?" Bolger corralled builder Brad Story. Brad sort of checked out the nearby ongoing celebrations at the conclusion of the launching of *Liza D* and nodded agreement. The designer and the builder pushed the light, flat bottomed boat across the slippery grass to the river's edge and in moments the rig was up, jib headed sail set on a wishbone boom. "Brad wanted to show me he could make a wishbone boom," Bolger confided just beforehand.

The little craft picked up on the fluky winds eddying around the narrow river beneath the Story Yard, beside the Essex causeway, near the Essex River bridge, adjacent to jammed marinas. She accelerated downriver then came hard about and off again, Bolger on the sheet, Story on the tiller.

Funny thing about that, Brad was up front in the cockpit with what looked like a pair of wheelbarrow handles in his hands. They were attached to a cross yoke which was attached to a rudder that pivoted through a sort of centerboard section that had been dropped down into that foredeck slot. "This one's #4 in the bow steering experiment," Bolger had mentioned before they went out. "It seems to be working OK now."

Indeed it was. If you watched closely as Bolger tacked hard you'd note that it was



the bow that suddenly swung about, not the stern. The boat was driving like a car. Bolger was hot-dogging it a bit turning by the float, coming in real tight before giving her the hard about, Brad shoving the appropriate tiller handle ahead. I guess one man could operate this steering set-up but he might be busy in tight quarters.

In the slot in the rear deck a deep fin-shaped skeg had been set with a trim tab on its trailing edge that could be set with a stubby tiller in a comb. So here we were seeing with our own eyes the handy maneuverability of a boat that steered up front with a center-

board that was more of a skeg at the rear.

"This one's up for sale pretty soon," Bolger had mentioned. "I've gone about as far as I want to with this whole notion."

"Does she have a name?" we inquired.

"Canard," replied her creator with one of his just-barely-a-grin grins. Indeed. A check in our *Webster* revealed the following, exact definition:

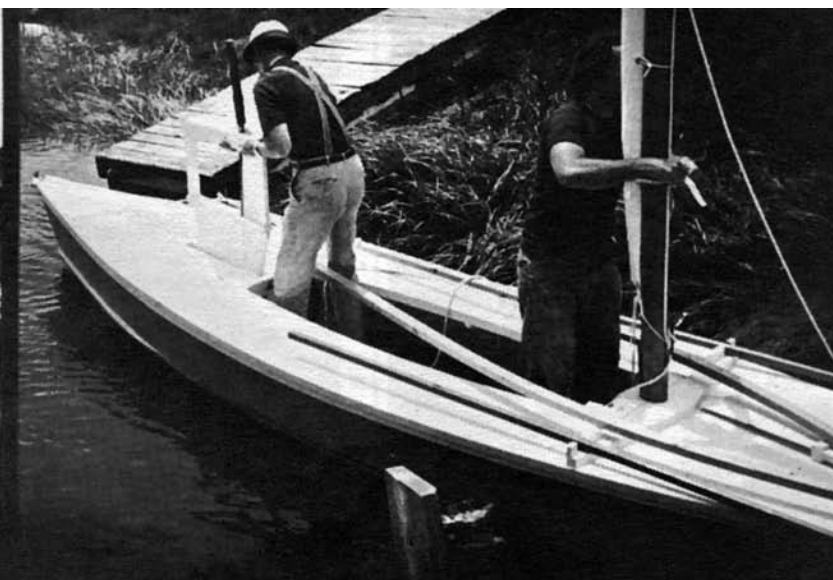
Canard: An extravagant or absurd report or story SET AFLOAT to delude the public.

Phil Bolger strikes again. Bow steering! Crazy. Yet it works.

Brad, Phil and friend slide Canard to water.



Bolger installs the rear mounted daggerboard with trim tab.



Sometimes having something on the boat designed to break is a good idea. My wife and I used to race a Tornado catamaran. Actually, we sailed the boat as best we could in local races. The boat had kick-up rudders and centerboards for beach launch and retrieval. The tie-downs for the rudders and centerboards were jam cleats held with short screws. I asked some Tornado sailors about this arrangement when we went to a regional regatta and was informed that the screws holding the jams were supposed to pull out if the rudder or centerboard hit something solid in the down position. Since I had the entire rudder assembly part company with the hull on an Australis I raced at one time and sailing friends had had major problems with dagger board hitting the bottom, I understood the idea.

One day, while heading for the beach across a shallow area in very strong wind conditions, the rudders hit with the boat moving quite briskly (the centerboards were up to reduce the heeling effect of the wind). The tie-downs on both rudders separated from the hull (the short screws) and the rudders came up. I no longer had control of the boat and had to let loose the main while a temporary fix was made. But the "safety valve" worked and there was no major damage to the hulls or rudders.

When most engines were steam powered there was a valve on the boiler to release the steam pressure to keep the boiler from exploding (if someone did not tie it down to increase the pressure to the cylinders). The diesel engine in our boat has a couple of safety features that, while disconcerting when operating, protect the engine. One deals with overheating while the other

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

handles a drop in the oil pressure. In either instance the engine shuts down. The only recourse is to get out the anchor and wait while the engine cools down or find the oil leak, patch, and refill as needed.

If an on-the-water-repair is not possible, one calls for help. At one time there was a device for serious racing sailboats (mostly on catamarans) that released the main sheet if the angle of heel became excessive. It was a straightforward mechanical device that used a pendulum to trip the mainsheet loose if the pendulum reached a certain defined position.

Most keelboat sailors recognize the value of their keel if they stay aware of their surroundings. If the keel touches, you tack now! When I was racing on a Ranger 26 and we were getting into shallow water (a frequent occurrence on parts of Appalachee Bay), everyone was ready to tack. It was understood that if the keel touched, the helmsperson was to put the tiller down for a tack and the rest of us were to loosen the main sheet and backwind the jib to bring the boat on to the new tack as quickly as possible and head away (we hoped) from the shallow water.

If the spinnaker is up, getting around is another story. One time we passed a Morgan 27 sitting quite neatly in an upright position in a local sand bar. They misjudged the depth

and went hard aground with the spinnaker set. There was no time to release the guy and try to bring the boat around. The tide was going out but the boat's keel was buried enough in the soft sand to hold it up until the tide came back in.

Many boats on the market today have the equivalent of a "dead man switch" to turn off the engine if the helm is unattended. In most cases the system is a lanyard attached to the ignition and the person at the helm. If the person at the helm falls overboard or otherwise leaves the station, the lanyard pulls out the connector and shuts down the engine. Another safety feature is a cut-off that will not allow the engine to start with the boat in gear. One problem with these devices is when they are disabled for one reason or another they are not fixed, and then when they are needed, nothing works.

I have owned a British-designed boat and helped re-rig another. Neither boat had the stainless steel stays and shrouds we see on most boats in the American market. The Wharram-designed catamaran used line looped over small wooden cleats (screwed to the mast) which were lashed to the chain plates for the shrouds and a Dacron forestay. The Drascombe had a ring fitted to the top of the mast to which was attached the shrouds and forestay. These approaches removed holes through the wood masts. Granted, if a line breaks the mast will probably follow, but repair thereof is relatively not that much work. I had the top section of an aluminum mast in storage for a while. The mast bent below the spreaders when a shroud attachment failed. No repair was possible and the mast, spreaders, and tom sail were scrap.



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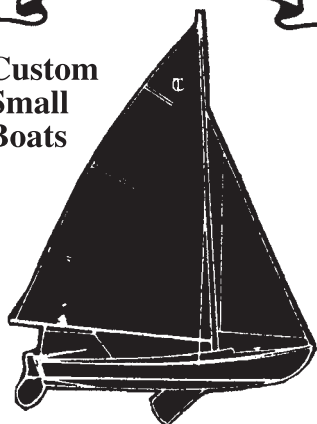
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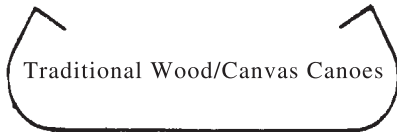
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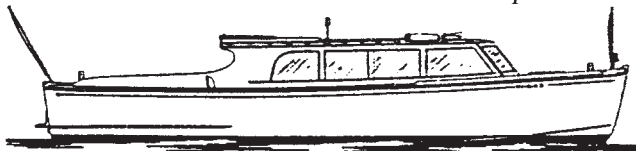
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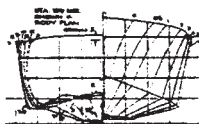
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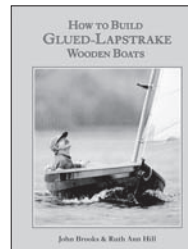
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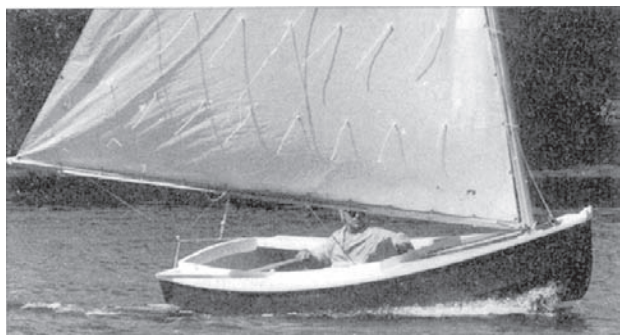
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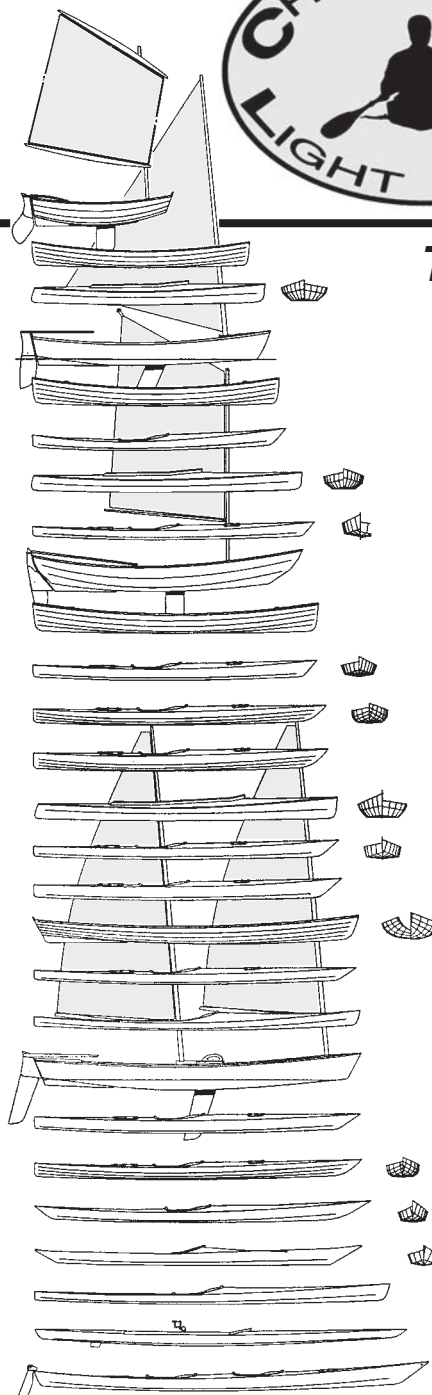
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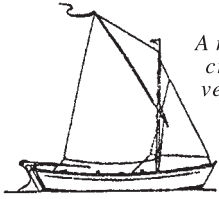
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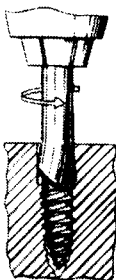
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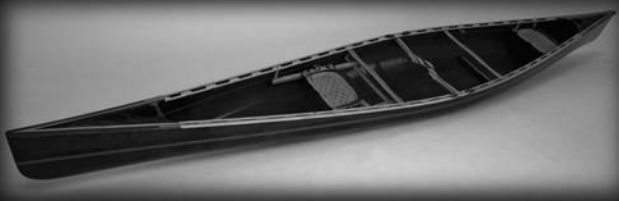
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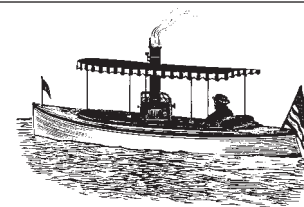


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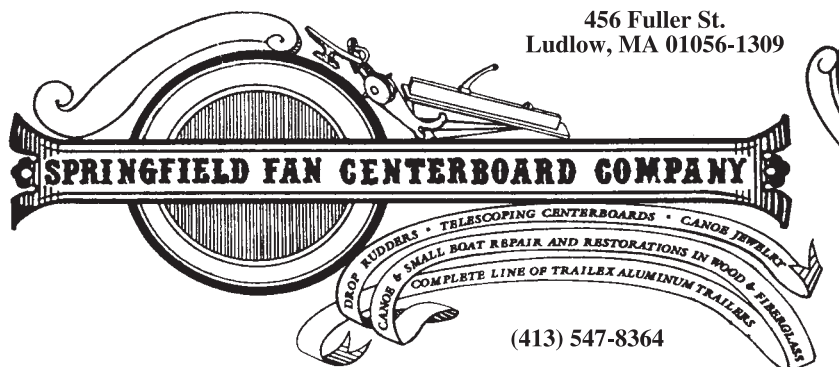
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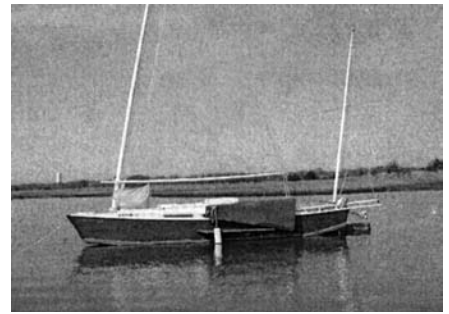
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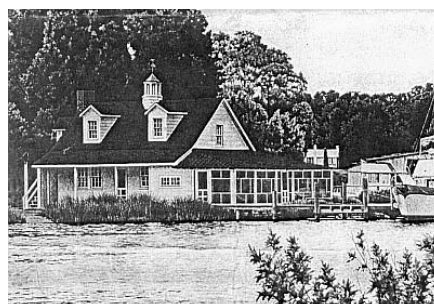
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